

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.<sup>1</sup>

### XV.

It had been arranged that the two young ladies should proceed to London under Ralph's escort, though Mrs. Touchett looked with little favour upon the plan. It was just the sort of plan, she said, that Miss Stackpole would be sure to suggest, and she inquired if the correspondent of the *Interviewer* was to take the party to stay at a boarding-house.

"I don't care where she takes us to stay, so long as there is local colour," said Isabel. "That is what we are going to London for."

"I suppose that after a girl has refused an English lord she may do anything," her aunt rejoined. "After that one needn't stand on trifles."

"Should you have liked me to marry Lord Warburton?" Isabel inquired.

"Of course I should."

"I thought you disliked the English so much."

"So I do; but it's all the more reason for making use of them."

"Is that your idea of marriage?" And Isabel ventured to add that her aunt appeared to her to have made very little use of Mr. Touchett.

"Your uncle is not an English nobleman," said Mrs. Touchett, "though even if he had been, I should still probably have taken up my residence in Florence."

"Do you think Lord Warburton could make me any better than I am?" the girl asked, with some animation. "I don't mean by that, that I am too good to improve. I mean—I mean that I don't love Lord Warburton enough to marry him."

"You did right to refuse him, then," said Mrs. Touchett, in her clear, sharp little voice. "Only, the next great offer you get, I hope you will manage to come up to your standard."

"We had better wait till the offer comes, before we talk about it. I hope very much that I may have no more offers for the present. They give me more pain than pleasure."

"You probably won't be troubled with them if you adopt permanently the Bohemian manner of life. However, I have promised Ralph not to criticise the affair."

"I will do whatever Ralph says is right," Isabel said. "I have unbounded confidence in Ralph."

"His mother is much obliged to you!" cried this lady, with a laugh.

"It seems to me she ought to be," Isabel rejoined, smiling.

Ralph had assured her that there would be no violation of decency in their paying a visit—the little party of three—to the sights of the metropolis; but Mrs. Touchett took a different view. Like many ladies of her country who have lived a long time in Europe, she had completely lost her

<sup>1</sup> Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

native tact on such points, and in her reaction, not in itself condemnable, against the liberty allowed to young persons beyond the seas, had fallen into gratuitous and exaggerated scruples. Ralph accompanied the two young ladies to town and established them at a quiet inn in a street that ran at right angles to Piccadilly. His first idea had been to take them to his father's house in Winchester Square, a large, dull mansion, which at this period of the year was shrouded in silence and brown holland; but he bethought himself that, the cook being at Gardencourt, there was no one in the house to get them their meals; and Pratt's Hotel accordingly became their resting-place. Ralph, on his side found quarters in Winchester Square, having a "den" there of which he was very fond and not being dependent on the local *cuisine*. He availed himself largely indeed of that of Pratt's Hotel, beginning his day with an early visit to his fellow-travellers, who had Mr. Pratt in person, in a large bulging white waistcoat, to remove their dish-covers. Ralph turned up, as he said, after breakfast, and the little party made out a scheme of entertainment for the day. As London does not wear in the month of September its most brilliant face, the young man, who occasionally took an apologetic tone, was obliged to remind his companion, to Miss Stackpole's high irritation, that there was not a creature in town.

"I suppose you mean that the aristocracy are absent," Henrietta answered; "but I don't think you could have a better proof that if they were absent altogether they would not be missed. It seems to me the place is about as full as it can be. There is no one here, of course, except three or four millions of people. What is it you call them—the lower-middle class? They are only the population of London, and that is of no consequence."

Ralph declared, that for him, the aristocracy left no void that Miss Stackpole herself did not fill, and that a

more contented man was nowhere at that moment to be found. In this he spoke the truth, for the stale September days, in the huge half-empty town, borrowed a charm from his circumstances. When he went home at night to the empty house in Winchester Square, after a day spent with his inquisitive countrywomen, he wandered into the big dusky dining-room, where the candle he took from the hall-table after letting himself in, constituted the only illumination. The square was still, the house was still; when he raised one of the windows of the dining-room to let in the air, he heard the slow creak of the boots of a solitary policeman. His own step, in the empty room seemed loud and sonorous; some of the carpets had been raised, and whenever he moved he roused a melancholy echo. He sat down in one of the arm-chairs; the big, dark dining table twinkled here and there in the small candle-light; the pictures on the wall, all of them very brown, looked vague and incoherent. There was a ghostly presence in the room, as of dinners long since digested, of table-talk that had lost its actuality. This hint of the supernatural perhaps had something to do with the fact that Ralph's imagination took a flight, and that he remained in his chair a long time beyond the hour at which he should have been in bed; doing nothing not even reading the evening paper. I say he did nothing, and I may maintain the phrase in the face of the fact that he thought at these moments of Isabel. To think of Isabel could only be for Ralph an idle pursuit, leading to nothing and profiting little to any one. His cousin had not yet seemed to him so charming as during these days spent in sounding tourist-fashion the deeps and shallows of the London art-world. Isabel was constantly interested and often excited; if she had come in search of local colour she found it everywhere. She asked more questions than he could answer, and propounded theories that he was equally unable to accept or to refute.

The party went more than once to the British Museum, and to that brighter palace of art which reclaims for antique variety so large an area of a monotonous suburb; they spent a morning in the Abbey and went on a penny-steamer to the Tower; they looked at pictures both in public and private collections, and sat on various occasions beneath the great trees in Kensington Gardens. Henrietta Stackpole proved to be an indefatigable sight-seer and a more good-natured critic than Ralph had ventured to hope. She had indeed many disappointments, and London at large suffered from her vivid remembrance of many of the cities of her native land; but she made the best of its dingy peculiarities and only heaved an occasional sigh, and uttered a desultory "Well!" which led no further and lost itself in retrospect. The truth was that, as she said herself, she was not in her element. "I have not a sympathy with inanimate objects," she remarked to Isabel at the National Gallery; and she continued to suffer from the meagreness of the glimpse that had as yet been vouchsafed to her of the inner life. Landscapes by Turner and Assyrian bulls were a poor substitute for the literary dinner-parties at which she had hoped to meet the genius and renown of Great Britain.

"Where are your public men, where are your men and women of intellect?" she inquired of Ralph, standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square, as if she had supposed this to be a place where she would naturally meet a few. "That's one of them on the top of the column, you say—Lord Nelson? Was he a lord too? Wasn't he high enough, that they had to stick him a hundred feet in the air? That's the past—I don't care about the past; I want to see some of the leading minds of the present. I won't say of the future, because I don't believe much in your future." Poor Ralph had few leading minds among his acquaintance, and rarely enjoyed the pleasure of button-holding a celebrity; a state of things

which appeared to Miss Stackpole to indicate a deplorable want of enterprise. "If I were on the other side I should call," she said, "and tell the gentleman, whoever he might be, that I had heard a great deal about him and had come to see for myself. But I gather from what you say that this is not the custom here. You seem to have plenty of meaningless customs, and none of those that one really wants. We are in advance, certainly. I suppose I shall have to give up the social side altogether;" and Henrietta, though she went about with her guide-book and pencil, and wrote a letter to the *Interviewer* about the Tower (in which she described the execution of Lady Jane Grey) had a depressing sense of falling below her own standard.

The incident which had preceded Isabel's departure from Gardencourt left a painful trace in the girl's mind; she took no pleasure in recalling Lord Warburton's handsome bewildered face and softly reproachful tones. She could not have done less than what she did; this was certainly true. But her necessity, all the same, had been a distasteful one, and she felt no desire to take credit for her conduct. Nevertheless, mingled with this absence of an intellectual relish of it, was a feeling of freedom which in itself was sweet, and which, as she wandered through the great city with her ill-matched companions, occasionally throbbed into joyous excitement. When she walked in Kensington Gardens, she stopped the children (mainly of the poorer sort), whom she saw playing on the grass; she asked them their names and gave them sixpence, and when they were pretty she kissed them. Ralph noticed such incidents; he noticed everything that Isabel did.

One afternoon, by way of amusing his companions, he invited them to tea in Winchester Square, and he had the house set in order as much as possible, to do honour to their visit. There was another guest, also, to meet the ladies, an amiable bachelor, an old

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friend of Ralph's, who happened to be in town, and who got on uncommonly well with Miss Stackpole. Mr. Bantling a stout, fair, smiling man of forty, who was extraordinarily well dressed, and whose contributions to the conversation were characterised by vivacity rather than continuity, laughed immoderately at everything Henrietta said, gave her several cups of tea, examined in her society the bric-à-brac, of which Ralph had a considerable collection, and afterwards, when the host proposed they should go out into the square and pretend it was a *fête-champêtre*, walked round the limited inclosure several times with her and listened with candid interest to her remarks upon the inner life.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bantling; "I daresay you found it very quiet at Gardencourt. Naturally there's not much going on there when there's such a lot of illness about. Touchett's very bad, you know; the doctors have forbid his being in England at all, and he has only come back to take care of his father. The old man, I believe, has half-a-dozen things the matter with him. They call it gout, but to my certain knowledge he is dropsical as well, though he doesn't look it. You may depend upon it he has got a lot of water somewhere. Of course that sort of thing makes it awfully slow for people in the house; I wonder they have them under such circumstances. Then I believe Mr. Touchett is always squabbling with his wife; she lives away from her husband, you know, in that extraordinary American way of yours. If you want a house where there is always something going on, I recommend you to go down and stay with my sister, Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. I'll write to her to-morrow, and I am sure she'll be delighted to ask you. I know just what you want—you want a house where they go in for theatricals and pic-nics and that sort of thing. My sister is just that sort of woman; she is always getting up something or other, and she is

always glad to have the sort of people that help her. I am sure she'll ask you down by return of post; she is tremendously fond of distinguished people and writers. She writes herself, you know; but I haven't read everything she has written. It's usually poetry, and I don't go in much for poetry—unless it's Byron. I suppose you think a great deal of Byron in America," Mr. Bantling continued, expanding in the stimulating air of Miss Stackpole's attention, bringing up his sequences promptly, and at last changing his topic, with a natural eagerness to provide suitable conversation for so remarkable a woman. He returned, however, ultimately to the idea of Henrietta's going to stay with Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. "I understand what you want," he repeated; "you want to see some jolly good English sport. The Touchetts are not English at all, you know; they live on a kind of foreign system; they have got some awfully queer ideas. The old man thinks it's wicked to hunt, I am told. You must get down to my sister's in time for the theatricals, and I am sure she will be glad to give you a part. I am sure you act well; I know you are very clever. My sister is forty years old, and she has seven children; but she is going to play the principal part. Of course you needn't act if you don't want to."

In this manner Mr. Bantling delivered himself, while they strolled over the grass in Winchester Square, which, although it had been peppered by the London soot, invited the tread to linger. Henrietta thought her blooming, easy-voiced bachelor, with his impressibility to feminine merit and his suggestiveness of allusion, a very agreeable man, and she valued the opportunity he offered her.

"I don't know but I would go, if your sister should ask me," she said. "I think it would be my duty. What do you call her name?"

"Pensil. It's an odd name, but it isn't a bad one."

"I think one name is as good as another. But what is her rank?"

"Oh, she's a baron's wife; a convenient sort of rank. You are fine enough, and you are not too fine."

"I don't know but what she'd be too fine for me. What do you call the place she lives in—Bedfordshire?"

"She lives away in the northern corner of it. It's a hideous country, but I daresay you won't mind that. I'll try and run down while you are there."

All this was very pleasant to Miss Stackpole, and she was sorry to be obliged to separate from Lady Pensil's obliging brother. But it happened that she had met the day before, in Piccadilly, some friends whom she had not seen for a year; the Miss Climbers, two ladies from Wilmington, Delaware, who had been travelling on the continent, and were now preparing to re-embark. Henrietta had a long interview with them on the Piccadilly pavement, and though the three ladies all talked at once, they had not exhausted their accumulated topics. It had been agreed therefore that Henrietta should come and dine with them in their lodgings in Jermyn Street at six o'clock on the morrow, and she now bethought herself of this engagement. She prepared to start for Jermyn Street, taking leave first of Ralph Touchett and Isabel, who, seated on garden chairs in another part of the inclosure, were occupied—if the term may be used—with an exchange of amenities less pointed than the practical colloquy of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling. When it had been settled between Isabel and her friend that they should be reunited at some reputable hour at Pratt's Hotel, Ralph remarked that the latter must have a cab—she could not walk all the way to Jermyn Street.

"I suppose you mean it's improper for me to walk alone!" Henrietta exclaimed. "Merciful powers, have I come to this?"

"There is not the slightest need of your walking alone," said Mr. Bantling, in an off-hand tone, expressive of gallantry. "I should be greatly pleased to go with you."

"I simply meant that you would be late for dinner," Ralph answered. "Think of those poor ladies, in their impatience, waiting for you."

"You had better have a hansom, Henrietta," said Isabel.

"I will get you a hansom, if you will trust to me," Mr. Bantling went on. "We might walk a little till we met one."

"I don't see why I shouldn't trust to him, do you?" Henrietta inquired of Isabel.

"I don't see what Mr. Bantling could do to you," Isabel answered, smiling; "but if you like, we will walk with you till you find your cab."

"Never mind; we will go alone. Come on, Mr. Bantling, and take care you get me a good one."

Mr. Bantling promised to do his best, and the two took their departure, leaving Isabel and her cousin standing in the square, over which a clear September twilight had now begun to gather. It was perfectly still; the wide quadrangle of dusky houses showed lights in none of the windows, where the shutters and blinds were closed; the pavements were a vacant expanse, and putting aside two small children from a neighbouring slum, who, attracted by symptoms of abnormal animation in the interior, were squeezing their necks between the rusty railings of the inclosure, the most vivid object within sight was the big red pillar-post on the south-east corner.

"Henrietta will ask him to get into the cab and go with her to Jermyn Street," Ralph observed. He always spoke of Miss Stackpole as Henrietta.

"Very possibly," said his companion.

"Or rather, no, she won't," he went on. "But Bantling will ask leave to get in."

"Very likely again. I am very glad they are such good friends."

"She has made a conquest. He thinks her a brilliant woman. It may go far," said Ralph.

Isabel was silent a moment.

"I call Henrietta a very brilliant woman; but I don't think it will go far," she rejoined at last. "They would never really know each other. He has not the least idea what she really is, and she has no just comprehension of Mr. Bantling."

"There is no more usual basis of matrimony than a mutual misunderstanding. But it ought not to be so difficult to understand Bob Bantling," Ralph added. "He is a very simple fellow."

"Yes, but Henrietta is simpler still! And pray, what am I to do?" Isabel asked, looking about her through the fading light, in which the limited landscape-gardening of the square took on a large and effective appearance. "I don't imagine that you will propose that you and I, for our amusement, should drive about London in a hansom."

"There is no reason why we should not stay here—if you don't dislike it. It is very warm; there will be half an hour yet before dark; and, if you permit it, I will light a cigarette."

"You may do what you please," said Isabel, "if you will amuse me till seven o'clock. I propose at that hour to go back and partake of a simple and solitary repast—two poached eggs and a muffin—at Pratt's Hotel."

"May I not dine with you?" Ralph asked.

"No, you will dine at your club."

They had wandered back to their chairs in the centre of the square again, and Ralph had lighted his cigarette. It would have given him extreme pleasure to be present in person at the modest little feast she had sketched; but in default of this he liked even being forbidden. For the moment, however, he liked immensely being alone with her, in the thicken-

ing dusk, in the centre of the multitudinous town; it made her seem to depend upon him and to be in his power. This power he could exert but vaguely; the best exercise of it was to accept her decisions submissively. There was almost an emotion in doing so.

"Why won't you let me dine with you?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because I don't care for it."

"I suppose you are tired of me."

"I shall be, an hour hence. You see I have the gift of fore-knowledge."

"Oh, I shall be delightful meanwhile," said Ralph. But he said nothing more, and as Isabel made no rejoinder, they sat some time in silence which seemed to contradict his promise of entertainment. It seemed to him that she was preoccupied, and he wondered what she was thinking about; there were two or three very possible subjects. At last he spoke again. "Is your objection to my society this evening caused by your expectation of another visitor?"

She turned her head with a glance of her clear, fair eyes.

"Another visitor? What visitor should I have?"

He had none to suggest; which made his question seem to himself silly as well as brutal.

"You have a great many friends that I don't know," he said, laughing a little awkwardly. "You have a whole past from which I was per-verse excluded."

"You were reserved for my future. You must remember that my past is over there across the waters. There is none of it here in London."

"Very good, then, since your future is seated beside you. Capital thing to have your future so handy." And Ralph lighted another cigarette and reflected that Isabel probably meant that she had received news that Mr. Caspar Goodwood had crossed to Paris. After he had lighted his cigarette he puffed it a while, and then he went on:

"I promised a while ago to be very amusing; but you see I don't come up to the mark, and the fact is there is a good deal of temerity in my undertaking to amuse a person like you. What do you care for my feeble attempts? You have grand ideas—you have a high standard in such matters. I ought at least to bring in a band of music or a company of mountebanks."

"One mountebank is enough, and you do very well. Pray go on, and in another ten minutes I shall begin to laugh."

"I assure you that I am very serious," said Ralph. "You do really ask a great deal."

"I don't know what you mean. I ask nothing!"

"You accept nothing," said Ralph. She coloured, and now suddenly it seemed to her that she guessed his meaning. But why should he speak to her of such things? He hesitated a little, and then he continued: "There is something I should like very much to say to you. It's a question I wish to ask. It seems to me I have a right to ask it, because I have a kind of interest in the answer."

"Ask what you will," Isabel answered gently, "and I will try and satisfy you."

"Well, then, I hope you won't mind my saying that Lord Warburton has told me of something that has passed between you."

Isabel started a little; then she sat looking at her open fan. "Very good; I suppose it was natural he should tell you."

"I have his leave to let you know he has done so. He has some hope still," said Ralph.

"Still?"

"He had it a few days ago."

"I don't believe he has any now," said the girl.

"I am very sorry for him, then; he is such a fine fellow."

"Pray, did he ask you to talk to me?"

"No, not that. But he told me because he couldn't help it. We are old friends, and he was greatly disappointed. He sent me a line asking me to come and see him, and I rode over to Lockleigh the day before he and his sister lunched with us. He was very heavy-hearted; he had just got a letter from you."

"Did he show you the letter?" asked Isabel, with momentary loftiness.

"By no means. But he told me it was a neat refusal. I was very sorry for him," Ralph repeated.

For some moments Isabel said nothing; then at last, "Do you know how often he had seen me? Five or six times."

"That's to your glory."

"It's not for that I say it."

"What then do you say it for? Not to prove that poor Warburton's state of mind is superficial, because I am pretty sure you don't think that."

Isabel certainly was unable to say that she thought it; but presently she said something else. "If you have not been requested by Lord Warburton to argue with me, then you are doing it disinterestedly—or for the love of argument."

"I have no wish to argue with you at all. I only wish to leave you alone. I am simply greatly interested in your own state of mind."

"I am greatly obliged to you!" cried Isabel, with a laugh.

"Of course you mean that I am meddling in what doesn't concern me. But why shouldn't I speak to you of this matter without annoying you or embarrassing myself? What's the use of being your cousin, if I can't have a few privileges? What is the use of adoring you without the hope of a reward, if I can't have a few compensations? What is the use of being ill and disabled, and restricted to mere spectatorship at the game of life, if I really can't see the show when I have paid so much for my ticket? Tell me this," Ralph went on, while Isabel



listened to him with quickened attention: "What had you in your mind when you refused Lord Warburton?"

"What had I in my mind?"

"What was the logic—the view of your situation—that dictated so remarkable an act?"

"I didn't wish to marry him—if that is logic."

"No, that is not logic—and I knew that before. What was it you said to yourself? You certainly said more than that."

Isabel reflected a moment, and then she answered this inquiry with a question of her own. "Why do you call it a remarkable act? That is what your mother thinks, too."

"Warburton is such a fine fellow; as a man I think he has hardly a fault. And then, he is what they call here a swell. He has immense possessions, and his wife would be thought a superior being. He unites the intrinsic and the extrinsic advantages."

Isabel watched her cousin while he spoke, as if to see how far he would go. "I refused him because he was too perfect then. I am not perfect myself, and he is too good for me. Besides, his perfection would irritate me."

"That is ingenious rather than candid," said Ralph. "As a fact, you think nothing in the world too perfect for you."

"Do I think I am so good?"

"No, but you are exacting, all the same, without the excuse of thinking yourself good. Nineteen women out of twenty, however, even of the most exacting sort, would have contented themselves with Warburton. Perhaps you don't know how he has been run after."

"I don't wish to know. But it seems to me," said Isabel, "that you told me of several faults that he has, one day when I spoke of him to you."

Ralph looked grave. "I hope that what I said then had no weight with you; for they were not faults, the things I spoke of; they were simply

peculiarities of his position. If I had known he wished to marry you, I would never have alluded to them. I think I said that as regards that position he was rather a sceptic. It would have been in your power to make him a believer."

"I think not. I don't understand the matter, and I am not conscious of any mission of that sort.—You are evidently disappointed," Isabel added, looking gently but earnestly at her cousin. "You would have liked me to marry Lord Warburton."

"Not in the least. I am absolutely without a wish on the subject. I don't pretend to advise you, and I content myself with watching you—with the deepest interest."

Isabel gave a rather conscious sigh. "I wish I could be as interesting to myself as I am to you!"

"There you are not candid again; you are extremely interesting to yourself. Do you know, however," said Ralph, "that if you have really given Lord Warburton his final answer, I am rather glad it has been what it was. I don't mean I am glad for you, and still less, of course, for him. I am glad for myself."

"Are you thinking of proposing to me?"

"By no means. From the point of view I speak of that would be fatal; I should overturn my own porridge. What I mean is, I shall have the entertainment of seeing what a young lady does who won't marry Lord Warburton."

"That is what your mother counts upon too," said Isabel.

"Ah, there will be plenty of spectators! We shall contemplate the rest of your career. I shall not see all of it, but I shall probably see the most interesting years. Of course, if you were to marry our friend, you would still have a career—a very honourable and brilliant one. But relatively speaking, it would be a little prosaic. It would be definitively marked out in advance; it would be wanting in the unexpected.

You know I am extremely fond of the unexpected, and now that you have kept the game in your hands I depend on your giving us some magnificent example of it."

"I don't understand you very well," said Isabel, "but I do so well enough to be able to say that if you look for magnificent examples of anything I shall disappoint you."

"You will do so only by disappointing yourself—and that will go hard with you!"

To this Isabel made no direct reply; there was an amount of truth in it which would bear consideration. At last she said, abruptly—"I don't see what harm there is in my wishing not to tie myself. I don't want to begin life by marrying. There are other things a woman can do."

"There is nothing she can do so well. But you are many-sided."

"If one is two-sided, it is enough," said Isabel.

"You are the most charming of polygons!" Ralph broke out, with a laugh. At a glance from his companion, however, he became grave, and to prove it he went on—"You want to see life, as the young men say."

"I don't think I want to see it as the young men want to see it; but I do want to look about me."

"You want to drain the cup of experience."

"No, I don't wish to touch the cup of experience. It's a poisoned drink! I only want to see for myself."

"You want to see, but not to feel," said Ralph.

"I don't think that if one is a sentient being, one can make the distinction," Isabel returned. "I am a good deal like Henrietta. The other day, when I asked her if she wished to marry, she said—'Not till I have seen Europe!' I too don't wish to marry until I have seen Europe."

"You evidently expect that a crowned head will be struck with you."

"No, that would be worse than marrying Lord Warburton. But it is getting very dark," Isabel continued, "and I must go home." She rose from her place, but Ralph sat still a moment, looking at her. As he did not follow her, she stopped, and they remained a while exchanging a gaze, full on either side, but especially on Ralph's, of utterances too vague for words.

"You have answered my question," said Ralph at last. "You have told me what I wanted—I am greatly obliged to you."

"It seems to me I have told you very little."

"You have told me the great thing—that the world interests you, and that you want to throw yourself into it."

Isabel's silvery eyes shone for a moment in the darkness. "I never said that."

"I think you meant it. Don't repudiate it; it's so fine!"

"I don't know what you are trying to fasten upon me, for I am not in the least an adventurous spirit. Women are not like men."

Ralph slowly rose from his seat, and they walked together to the gate of the square. "No," he said; "women rarely boast of their courage; men do so with a certain frequency."

"Men have it to boast of!"

"Women have it too; you have a great deal."

"Enough to go home in a cab to Pratt's Hotel; but not more."

Ralph unlocked the gate, and after they had passed out he fastened it.

"We will find your cab," he said; and as they turned towards a neighbouring street in which it seemed that this quest would be fruitful, he asked her again if he might not see her safely to the inn.

"By no means," she answered; "you are very tired; you must go home and go to bed."

The cab was found, and he helped her into it, standing a moment at the door.

"When people forget I am a sick man I am often annoyed," he said. "But it's worse when they remember it!"

## XVI.

ISABEL had had no hidden motive in wishing her cousin not to take her home; it simply seemed to her that for some days past she had consumed an inordinate quantity of his time, and the independent spirit of the American girl who ends by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity, had made her decide that for these few hours she must suffice to herself. She had moreover a great fondness for intervals of solitude, and since her arrival in England it had been but scantily gratified. It was a luxury she could always command at home, and she had missed it. That evening, however, an incident occurred which—had there been a critic to note it—would have taken all colour from the theory that the love of solitude had caused her to dispense with Ralph's attendance. She was sitting, towards nine o'clock, in the dim illumination of Pratt's Hotel, trying with the aid of two tall candles to lose herself in a volume she had brought from Gardencourt, but succeeding only to the extent of reading other words on the page than those that were printed there—words that Ralph had spoken to her in the afternoon.

Suddenly the well-muffled knuckle of the waiter was applied to the door, which presently admitted him, bearing the card of a visitor. This card, duly considered, offered to Isabel's startled vision the name of Mr. Caspar Goodwood. She let the servant stand before her inquiringly for some instants, without signifying her wishes.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, ma'am?" he asked at last, with a slightly encouraging inflection.

Isabel hesitated still, and while she hesitated she glanced at the mirror.

"He may come in," she said at last;

and waited for him with some emotion.

Caspar Goodwood came in and shook hands with her. He said nothing till the servant had left the room again, then he said—

"Why didn't you answer my letter?"

He spoke in a quick, full, slightly peremptory tone—the tone of a man whose questions were usually pointed, and who was capable of much insistence.

Isabel answered him by a question.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Miss Stackpole let me know," said Caspar Goodwood. "She told me that you would probably be at home alone this evening, and would be willing to see me."

"Where did she see you—to tell you that?"

"She didn't see me; she wrote to me."

Isabel was silent; neither of them had seated themselves; they stood there with a certain air of defiance, or at least of resistance.

"Henrietta never told me that she was writing to you," Isabel said at last. "This is not kind of her."

"Is it so disagreeable to you to see me?" asked the young man.

"I didn't expect it. I don't like such surprises."

"But you knew I was in town; it was natural we should meet."

"Do you call this meeting? I hoped I should not see you. In so large a place as London it seemed to me very possible."

"Apparently it was disagreeable to you even to write to me," said Mr. Goodwood.

Isabel made no answer to this; the sense of Henrietta Stackpole's treachery, as she momentarily qualified it, was strong within her.

"Henrietta is not delicate!" she exclaimed with a certain bitterness.

"It was a great liberty to take."

"I suppose I am not delicate either. The fault is mine as much as hers."

As Isabel looked at him it seemed

to her that his jaw had never been more square. This might have displeased her; nevertheless she rejoined inconsequently—

"No, it is not your fault so much as hers. What you have done is very natural."

"It is indeed!" cried Caspar Goodwood, with a short laugh. "And now that I have come, at any rate, may I not stay?"

"You may sit down, certainly."

And Isabel went back to her chair again, while her visitor took the first place that offered, in the manner of a man accustomed to pay little thought to the sort of chair he sat in.

"I have been hoping every day for an answer to my letter," he said. "You might have written me a few lines."

"It was not the trouble of writing that prevented me; I could as easily have written you four pages as one. But my silence was deliberate; I thought it best."

He sat with his eyes fixed on hers while she said this; then he lowered them and attached them to a spot in the carpet, as if he were making a strong effort to say nothing but what he ought to say. He was a strong man in the wrong, and he was acute enough to see that an uncompromising exhibition of his strength would only throw the falsity of his position into relief. Isabel was not incapable of finding it agreeable to have an advantage of position over a person of this calibre, and though she was not a girl to flaunt her advantage in his face, she was woman enough to enjoy being able to say, "You know you ought not to have written to me yourself!"—and to say it with a certain air of triumph.

Caspar Goodwood raised his eyes to hers again; they wore an expression of ardent remonstrance. He had a strong sense of justice, and he was ready any day in the year—over and above this—to argue the question of his rights.

"You said you hoped never to hear from me again; I know that. But I

never accepted the prohibition. I promised you that you should hear very soon."

"I did not say that I hoped never to hear from you," said Isabel.

"Not for five years, then; for ten years. It is the same thing."

"Do you find it so? It seems to me there is a great difference. I can imagine that at the end of ten years we might have a very pleasant correspondence. I expect to write a much more brilliant letter ten years hence than I do now."

Isabel looked away while she spoke these words, for she knew they were of a much less earnest cast than the countenance of her listener. Her eyes however at last came back to him, just as he said, very irrelevantly—

"Are you enjoying your visit to your uncle?"

"Very much indeed." She hesitated, and then she broke out with even greater irrelevance, "What good do you expect to get by insisting?"

"The good of not losing you."

"You have no right to talk about losing what is not yours. And even from your own point of view," Isabel added, "you ought to know when to let one alone."

"I displease you very much," said Caspar Goodwood gloomily, not as if to provoke her to compassion for a man conscious of this blighting fact; but as if to set it well before himself, so that he might endeavour to act with his eyes upon it.

"Yes, you displease me very much, and the worst is that it is needless."

Isabel knew that his was not a soft nature, from which pin-pricks would draw blood; and from the first of her acquaintance with him and of her having to defend herself against a certain air that he had of knowing better what was good for her than she knew herself, she had recognised the fact that perfect frankness was her best weapon. To attempt to spare his sensibility or make her opposition oblique, as one might do with men smaller and superficially more irritable

—this, in dealing with Caspar Goodwood, who would take everything of every sort that one might give him, was superfluous diplomacy. It was not that he had not susceptibilities, but his passive surface, as well as his active, was large and firm, and he might always be trusted to dress his wounds himself. In measuring the effect of his suffering, one might always reflect that he had a sound constitution.

"I can't reconcile myself to that," he said.

There was a dangerous magnanimity about this; for Isabel felt that it was quite open to him to say that he had not always displeased her.

"I can't reconcile myself to it either, and it is not the state of things that ought to exist between us. If you would only try and banish me from your mind for a few months we should be on good terms again."

"I see. If I should cease to think of you for a few months I should find I could keep it up indefinitely."

"Indefinitely is more than I ask. It is more even than I should like."

"You know that what you ask is impossible," said the young man, taking his adjective for granted in a manner that Isabel found irritating.

"Are you not capable of making an effort?" she demanded. "You are strong for everything else; why shouldn't you be strong for that?"

"Because I am in love with you," said Caspar Goodwood simply. "If one is strong, one loves only the more strongly."

"There is a good deal in that;" and indeed our young lady felt the force of it. "Think of me or not, as you find most possible; only leave me alone."

"Until when?"

"Well, for a year or two."

"Which do you mean? Between one year and two there is a great difference."

"Call it two, then," said Isabel, wondering whether a little cynicism might not be effective.

"And what shall I gain by that?" Mr. Goodwood asked, giving no sign of wincing.

"You will have obliged me greatly."

"But what will be my reward?"

"Do you need a reward for an act of generosity?"

"Yes, when it involves a great sacrifice."

"There is no generosity without sacrifice. Men don't understand such things. If you make this sacrifice I shall admire you greatly."

"I don't care a straw for your admiration. Will you marry me? That is the question."

"Assuredly not, if I feel as I feel at present."

"Then I ask again, what I shall gain?"

"You will gain quite as much as by worrying me to death!"

Caspar Goodwood bent his eyes again and gazed for a while into the crown of his hat. A deep flush overspread his face, and Isabel could perceive that this dart at last had struck home. To see a strong man in pain had something terrible for her, and she immediately felt very sorry for her visitor.

"Why do you make me say such things to you?" she cried in a trembling voice. "I only want to be gentle—to be kind. It is not delightful to me to feel that people care for me, and yet to have to try and reason them out of it. I think others also ought to be considerate; we have each to judge for ourselves. I know you are considerate, as much as you can be; you have good reasons for what you do. But I don't want to marry. I shall probably never marry. I have a perfect right to feel that way, and it is no kindness to a woman to urge her—to persuade her against her will. If I give you pain I can only say I am very sorry. It is not my fault; I can't marry you simply to please you. I won't say that I shall always remain your friend, because when women say that, in these circumstances, it is supposed, I believe, to



be a sort of mockery. But try me some day."

Caspar Goodwood, during this speech, had kept his eyes fixed upon the name of his hatter, and it was not until some time after she had ceased speaking that he raised them. When he did so, the sight of a certain rosy, lovely eagerness in Isabel's face threw some confusion into his attempt to analyse what she had said. "I will go home—I will go to-morrow—I will leave you alone," he murmured at last. "Only," he added in a louder tone—"I hate to lose sight of you!"

"Never fear. I will do no harm."

"You will marry some one else," said Caspar Goodwood.

"Do you think that is a generous charge?"

"Why not? Plenty of men will ask you."

"I told you just now that I don't wish to marry, and that I shall probably never do so."

"I know you did; but I don't believe it."

"Thank you very much. You appear to think I am attempting to deceive you; you say very delicate things."

"Why should I not say that? You have given me no promise that you will not marry."

"No, that is all that would be wanting!" cried Isabel, with a bitter laugh.

"You think you won't, but you will," her visitor went on, as if he were preparing himself for the worst.

"Very well, I will then. Have it as you please."

"I don't know, [however," said Caspar Goodwood, "that my keeping you in sight would prevent it."

"Don't you indeed? I am, after all, very much afraid of you. Do you think I am so very easily pleased?" she asked suddenly, changing her tone.

"No, I don't; I shall try and console myself with that. But there are a certain number of very clever men in the world; if there were only one,

it would be enough. You will be sure to take no one who is not."

"I don't need the aid of a clever man to teach me how to live," said Isabel. "I can find it out for myself."

"To live alone, do you mean? I wish that when you have found that out, you would teach me."

Isabel glanced at him a moment; then, with a quick smile—"Oh, you ought to marry!" she said.

Poor Caspar may be pardoned if for an instant this exclamation seemed to him to have the infernal note, and I cannot take upon myself to say that Isabel uttered it in obedience to a strictly celestial impulse. It was a fact, however, that it had always seemed to her that Caspar Goodwood, of all men, ought to enjoy the whole devotion of some tender woman. "God forgive you!" he murmured between his teeth, turning away.

Her exclamation had put her slightly in the wrong, and after a moment she felt the mind to right herself. The easiest way to do it was to put her suitor in the wrong. "You do me great injustice—you say what you don't know!" she broke out. "I should not be an easy victim—I have proved it."

"Oh, to me, perfectly."

"I have proved it to others as well." And she paused a moment. "I refused a proposal of marriage last week—what they call a brilliant one."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the young man, gravely.

"It was a proposal that many girls would have accepted—it had everything to recommend it." Isabel had hesitated to tell this story, but now she had begun, the satisfaction of speaking it out, and doing herself justice, as it were, took possession of her. "I was offered a great position and a great fortune—by a person whom I like extremely."

Caspar was gazing at her with great interest. "Is he an Englishman?"

"He is an English nobleman," said Isabel.

Mr. Goodwood received this an-

nouncement in silence; then, at last, he said—"I am glad he is disappointed."

"Well, then, as you have companions in misfortune, make the best of it."

"I don't call him a companion," said Caspar, grimly.

"Why not—since I declined his offer absolutely?"

"That doesn't make him my companion. Besides, he's an Englishman."

"And pray is not an Englishman a human being?" Isabel inquired.

"Oh, no; he's superhuman."

"You are angry," said the girl. "We have discussed this matter quite enough."

"Oh, yes, I am angry. I plead guilty to that!"

Isabel turned away from him and walked to the open window, where she stood a moment looking into the dusky vacancy of the street, where a turbid gaslight alone represented social animation. For some time neither of these two young persons spoke; Caspar lingered near the chimney-piece, with his eyes gloomily fixed upon our heroine. She had virtually requested him to withdraw—he knew that; but at the risk of making himself odious to her he kept his ground. She was far too dear to him to be easily forfeited, and he had sailed across the Atlantic to extract some pledge from her. Presently she left the window and stood before him again.

"You do me very little justice," she said—"after my telling you what I told you just now. I am sorry I told you—since it matters so little to you."

"Ah," cried the young man, "if you were thinking of *me* when you did it!" And then he paused, with the fear that she might contradict so happy a thought.

"I was thinking of you a little," said Isabel.

"A little? I don't understand. If the knowledge that I love you had any weight with you at all, it must have had a good deal."

Isabel shook her head impatiently, as if to carry off a blush. "I have refused a noble gentleman. Make the most of that."

"I thank you, then," said Caspar Goodwood, gravely. "I thank you immensely."

"And now you had better go home."

"May I not see you again?" he asked.

"I think it is better not. You will be sure to talk of this, and you see it leads to nothing."

"I promise you not to say a word that will annoy you."

Isabel reflected a little, and then she said—"I return in a day or two to my uncle's, and I can't propose to you to come there; it would be very inconsistent."

Caspar Goodwood, on his side, debated within himself. "You must do me justice too. I received an invitation to your uncle's more than a week ago and I declined it."

"From whom was your invitation?" Isabel asked, surprised.

"From Mr. Ralph Touchett, whom I suppose to be your cousin. I declined it because I had not your authorisation to accept it. The suggestion that Mr. Touchett should invite me appeared to have come from Miss Stackpole."

"It certainly didn't come from me. Henrietta certainly goes very far," Isabel added.

"Don't be too hard on her—that touches me."

"No; if you declined, that was very proper of you, and I thank you for it." And Isabel gave a little exhalation of dismay at the thought that Lord Warburton and Mr. Goodwood might have met at Gardencourt: it would have been so awkward for Lord Warburton!

"When you leave your uncle, where are you going?" Caspar asked.

"I shall go abroad with my aunt—to Florence and other places."

The serenity of this announcement struck a chill to the young man's heart; he seemed to see her whirled away into circles from which he was

inexorably excluded. Nevertheless he went on quickly with his questions. "And when shall you come back to America?"

"Perhaps not for a long time; I am very happy here."

"Do you mean to give up your country?"

"Don't be an infant."

"Well, you will be out of my sight indeed!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"I don't know," she answered, rather grandly. "The world strikes me as small."

"It is too large for me!" Caspar exclaimed, with a simplicity which our young lady might have found touching if her face had not been set against concessions.

This attitude was part of a system, a theory, that she had lately embraced, and to be thorough she said after a moment—"Don't think me unkind if I say that it's just that—being out of your sight—that I like. If you were in the same place as I, I should feel as if you were watching me, and I don't like that. I like my liberty too much. If there is a thing in the world that I am fond of," Isabel went on, with a slight recurrence of the grandeur that had shown itself a moment before—"it is my personal independence."

But whatever there was of grandeur in this speech moved Caspar Goodwood's admiration; there was nothing that displeased him in the sort of feeling it expressed. This feeling not only did no violence to his way of looking at the girl he wished to make his wife, but seemed a grace the more in so ardent a spirit. To his mind she had always had wings, and this was but the flutter of those stainless pinions. He was not afraid of having a wife with a certain largeness of movement; he was a man of long steps himself. Isabel's words, if they had been meant to shock him, failed of the mark, and only made him smile with the sense that here was common ground. "Who would wish less to curtail your liberty than I?" he

asked. "What can give me greater pleasure than to see you perfectly independent—doing whatever you like? It is to make you independent that I want to marry you."

"That's a beautiful sophism," said the girl, with a smile more beautiful still.

"An unmarried woman—a girl of your age—is not independent. There are all sorts of things she can't do. She is hampered at every step."

"That's as she looks at the question," Isabel answered, with much spirit. "I am not in my first youth—I can do what I choose—I belong quite to the independent class. I have neither father nor mother; I am poor; I am of a serious disposition, and not pretty. I therefore am not bound to be timid and conventional; indeed I can't afford such luxuries. Besides, I try to judge things for myself; to judge wrong, I think, is more honourable than not to judge at all. I don't wish to be a mere sheep in the flock; I wish to choose my fate and know something of human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me." She paused a moment, but not long enough for her companion to reply. She was apparently on the point of doing so, when she went on—"Let me say this to you, Mr. Goodwood. You are so kind as to speak of being afraid of my marrying. If you should hear any rumour that I am on the point of doing so—girls are liable to have such things said about them—remember what I have told you about my love of liberty, and venture to doubt it."

There was something almost passionately positive in the tone in which Isabel gave him this advice, and he saw a shining candour in her eyes which helped him to believe her. On the whole he felt reassured, and you might have perceived it by the manner in which he said, quite eagerly—"You want simply to travel for two years? I am quite willing to wait two years, and you may do what you like in the interval. If that is all

you want, pray say so. I don't want you to be conventional; do I strike you as conventional myself? Do you want to improve your mind? Your mind is quite good enough for me; but if it interests you to wander about a while and see different countries, I shall be delighted to help you, in any way in my power."

"You are very generous; that is nothing new to me. The best way to help me will be to put as many hundred miles of sea between us as possible."

"One would think you were going to commit a crime!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"Perhaps I am. I wish to be free even to do that, if the fancy takes me."

"Well then," he said, slowly, "I will go home." And he put out his hand, trying to look contented and confident.

Isabel's confidence in him, however, was greater than any he could feel in her. Not that he thought her capable of committing a crime; but, turn it over as he would, there was something ominous in the way she reserved her option. As Isabel took his hand, she felt a great respect for him; she knew how much he cared for her, and she thought him magnanimous. They stood so for a moment, looking at each other, united by a handclasp which was not merely passive on her side. "That's right," she said, very kindly, almost tenderly. "You will lose nothing by being a reasonable man."

"But I will come back, wherever you are, two years hence," he returned, with characteristic grimness.

We have seen that our young lady was inconsequent, and at this she suddenly changed her note. "Ah, remember, I promise nothing—absolutely nothing!" Then more softly, as if to help him to leave her, she added—"And remember, too, that I shall not be an easy victim!"

"You will get very sick of your independence."

"Perhaps I shall: it is even very

probable. When that day comes I shall be very glad to see you."

She had laid her hand on the knob of the door that led into her own room, and she waited a moment to see whether her visitor would not take his departure. But he appeared unable to move; there was still an immense unwillingness in his attitude—a deep remonstrance in his eyes.

"I must leave you now," said Isabel; and she opened the door, and passed into the other room.

This apartment was dark, but the darkness was tempered by a vague radiance sent up through the window from the court of the hotel, and Isabel could make out the masses of the furniture, the dim shining of the mirror, and the looming of the big four-posted bed. She stood still a moment longer, listening, and at last she heard Caspar Goodwood walk out of the sitting-room and close the door behind him. She stood still a moment longer, and then, by an irresistible impulse, she dropped on her knees before her bed, and hid her face in her arms.

#### XVII.

SHE was not praying; she was trembling—trembling all over. She was an excitable creature, and now she was much excited; but she wished to resist her excitement, and the attitude of prayer, which she kept for some time, seemed to help her to be still. She was extremely glad Caspar Goodwood was gone; there was something exhilarating in having got rid of him. As Isabel became conscious of this feeling she bowed her head a little lower; the feeling was there, throbbing in her heart; it was a part of her emotion; but it was a thing to be ashamed of—it was profane and out of place. It was not for some ten minutes that she rose from her knees, and when she came back to the sitting-room she was still trembling a little. Her agitation had two causes; part of it was to be accounted for by her long discussion with Mr. Good-

wood, but it might be feared that the rest was simply the enjoyment she found in the exercise of her power. She sat down in the same chair again, and took up her book, but without going through the form of opening the volume. She leaned back, with that low, soft, aspiring murmur with which she often expressed her gladness in accidents of which the brighter side was not superficially obvious, and gave herself up to the satisfaction of having refused two ardent suitors within a fortnight. That love of liberty of which she had given Caspar Goodwood so bold a sketch was as yet almost exclusively theoretic; she had not been able to indulge it on a large scale. But it seemed to her that she had done something; she had tasted of the delight, if not of battle, at least of victory; she had done what she preferred. In the midst of this agreeable sensation the image of Mr. Goodwood taking his sad walk homeward through the dingy town presented itself with a certain reproachful force; so that, as at the same moment the door of the room was opened, she rose quickly, with an apprehension that he had come back. But it was only Henrietta Stackpole returning from her dinner.

Miss Stackpole immediately saw that something had happened to Isabel, and indeed the discovery demanded no great penetration. Henrietta went straight up to her friend, who received her without a greeting. Isabel's elation in having sent Caspar Goodwood back to America presupposed her being glad that he had come to see her; but at the same time she perfectly remembered that Henrietta had had no right to set a trap for her.

"Has he been here, dear?" Miss Stackpole inquired, softly.

Isabel turned away, and for some moments answered nothing.

"You acted very wrongly," she said at last.

"I acted for the best, dear. I only hope you acted as well."

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"You are not the judge. I can't trust you," said Isabel.

This declaration was unflattering, but Henrietta was much too unselfish to heed the charge it conveyed; she cared only for what it intimated with regard to her friend.

"Isabel Archer," she declared, with equal abruptness and solemnity, "if you marry one of these people, I will never speak to you again!"

"Before making so terrible a threat, you had better wait till I am asked," Isabel replied. Never having said a word to Miss Stackpole about Lord Warburton's overtures, she had now no impulse whatever to justify herself to Henrietta by telling her that she had refused that nobleman.

"Oh, you'll be asked quick enough, once you get off on the continent. Annie Climber was asked three times in Italy—poor plain little Annie."

"Well, if Annie Climber was not captured, why should I be?"

"I don't believe Annie was pressed; but you'll be."

"That's a flattering conviction," said Isabel, with a laugh.

"I don't flatter you, Isabel, I tell you the truth!" cried her friend. "I hope you don't mean to tell me that you didn't give Mr. Goodwood some hope."

"I don't see why I should tell you anything; as I said to you just now, I can't trust you. But since you are so much interested in Mr. Goodwood, I won't conceal from you that he returns immediately to America."

"You don't mean to say you have sent him off?" Henrietta broke out in dismay.

"I asked him to leave me alone; and I ask you the same, Henrietta."

Miss Stackpole stood there with expanded eyes, and then she went to the mirror over the chimney-piece and took off her bonnet.

"I hope you have enjoyed your dinner," Isabel remarked, lightly, as she did so.

But Miss Stackpole was not to be diverted by frivolous propositions,



nor bribed by the offer of autobiographic opportunities.

"Do you know where you are going, Isabel Archer?"

"Just now I am going to bed," said Isabel, with persistent frivolity.

"Do you know where you are drifting?" Henrietta went on, holding out her bonnet delicately.

"No, I haven't the least idea, and I find it very pleasant not to know. A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see—that's my idea of happiness."

"Mr. Goodwood certainly didn't teach you to say such things as that—like the heroine of an immoral novel," said Miss Stackpole. "You are drifting to some great mistake."

Isabel was irritated by her friend's interference, but even in the midst of her irritation she tried to think what truth this declaration could represent. She could think of nothing that diverted her from saying—"You must be very fond of me, Henrietta, to be willing to be so disagreeable to me."

"I love you, Isabel," said Miss Stackpole, with feeling.

"Well, if you love me, let me alone. I asked that of Mr. Goodwood, and I must also ask it of you."

"Take care you are not let alone too much."

"That is what Mr. Goodwood said to me. I told him I must take the risks."

"You are a creature of risks—you make me shudder!" cried Henrietta. "When does Mr. Goodwood return to America?"

"I don't know—he didn't tell me."

"Perhaps you didn't inquire," said Henrietta, with the note of righteous irony.

"I gave him too little satisfaction to have the right to ask questions of him."

This assertion seemed to Miss Stackpole for a moment to bid defiance to comment; but at last she

exclaimed—"Well, Isabel, if I didn't know you, I might think you were heartless!"

"Take care," said Isabel; "you are spoiling me."

"I am afraid I have done that already. I hope, at least," Miss Stackpole added, "that he may cross with Annie Climber!"

Isabel learned from her the next morning that she had determined not to return to Gardencourt (where old Mr. Touchett had promised her a renewed welcome), but to await in London the arrival of the invitation that Mr. Bantling had promised her from his sister, Lady Pensil. Miss Stackpole related very freely her conversation with Ralph Touchett's sociable friend, and declared to Isabel that she really believed she had now got hold of something that would lead to something. On the receipt of Lady Pensil's letter—Mr. Bantling had virtually guaranteed its arrival—she would immediately depart for Bedfordshire, and if Isabel cared to look out for her impressions in the *Interviewer*, she would certainly find them. Henrietta was evidently going to see something of the inner life this time.

"Do you know where you are drifting, Henrietta Stackpole?" Isabel asked, imitating the tone in which her friend had spoken the night before.

"I am drifting to a big position—to being the queen of American journalism. If my next letter isn't copied all over the West, I'll swallow my pen-wiper!"

She had arranged with her friend Miss Annie Climber, the young lady of the continental offers, that they should go together to make those purchases which were to constitute Miss Climber's farewell to a hemisphere in which she at least had been appreciated; and she presently repaired to Jermyn Street to pick up her companion. Shortly after her departure Ralph Touchett was announced, and, as soon as he came in, Isabel saw that he had, as the phrase is, some-

thing on his mind. He very soon took his cousin into his confidence. He had received a telegram from his mother, telling him that his father had had a sharp attack of his old malady, that she was much alarmed, and that she begged Ralph would instantly return to Gardencourt. On this occasion, at least, Mrs. Touchett's devotion to the electric wire had nothing incongruous.

"I have judged it best to see the great doctor, Sir Matthew Hope, first," Ralph said; "by great good luck he's in town. He is to see me at half-past twelve, and I shall make sure of his coming down to Gardencourt—which he will do the more readily as he has already seen my father several times, both there and in London. There is an express at two-forty-five, which I shall take, and you will come back with me, or remain here a few days longer, exactly as you prefer."

"I will go with you!" Isabel exclaimed. "I don't suppose I can be of any use to my uncle, but if he is ill I should like to be near him."

"I think you like him," said Ralph, with a certain shy pleasure in his eye. "You appreciate him, which all the world hasn't done. The quality is too fine."

"I think I love him," said Isabel, simply.

"That's very well. After his son, he is your greatest admirer."

Isabel welcomed this assurance, but she gave secretly a little sigh of relief at the thought that Mr. Touchett was one of those admirers who could not propose to marry her. This, however, was not what she said; she went on to inform Ralph that there were other reasons why she should not remain in London. She was tired of it and wished to leave it; and then Henrietta was going away—going to stay in Bedfordshire.

"In Bedfordshire?" Ralph exclaimed, with surprise.

"With Lady Pensil, the sister of Mr. Bantling, who has answered for an invitation."

Ralph was feeling anxious, but at

this he broke into a laugh. Suddenly, however, he looked grave again. "Bantling is a man of courage. But if the invitation should get lost on the way?"

"I thought the British post-office was impeccable."

"The good Homer sometimes nods," said Ralph. "However," he went on, more brightly, "the good Bantling never does, and, whatever happens, he will take care of Henrietta."

Ralph went to keep his appointment with Sir Matthew Hope, and Isabel made her arrangements for quitting Pratt's Hotel. Her uncle's danger touched her nearly, and while she stood before her open trunk, looking about her vaguely for what she should put into it, the tears suddenly rushed into her eyes. It was perhaps for this reason that when Ralph came back at two o'clock to take her to the station she was not yet ready.

He found Miss Stackpole, however, in the sitting-room, where she had just risen from the lunch-table, and this lady immediately expressed her regret at his father's illness.

"He is a grand old man," she said; "he is faithful to the last. If it is really to be the last—excuse my alluding to it, but you must often have thought of the possibility—I am sorry that I shall not be at Gardencourt."

"You will amuse yourself much more in Bedfordshire."

"I shall be sorry to amuse myself at such a time," said Henrietta, with much propriety. But she immediately added—"I should like so to commemorate the closing scene."

"My father may live a long time," said Ralph, simply. Then, adverting to topics more cheerful, he interrogated Miss Stackpole as to her own future.

Now that Ralph was in trouble, she addressed him in a tone of larger allowance, and told him that she was much indebted to him for having made her acquainted with Mr. Bantling. "He has told me just the things I want to know," she said; "all the society-items and all about the royal

family. I can't make out that what he tells me about the royal family is much to their credit; but he says that's only my peculiar way of looking at it. Well, all I want is that he should give me the facts; I can put them together quick enough, once I've got them." And she added that Mr. Bantling had been so good as to promise to come and take her out in the afternoon.

"To take you where?" Ralph ventured to inquire.

"To Buckingham Palace. He is going to show me over it, so that I may get some idea how they live."

"Ah," said Ralph, "we leave you in good hands. The first thing we shall hear is that you are invited to Windsor Castle."

"If they ask me, I shall certainly go. Once I get started I am not afraid. But for all that," Henrietta added in a moment, "I am not satisfied; I am not satisfied about Isabel."

"What is her last misdeemeanour?"

"Well, I have told you before, and I suppose there is no harm in my going on. I always finish a subject that I take up. Mr. Goodwood was here last night."

Ralph opened his eyes; he even blushed a little—his blush being the sign of an emotion somewhat acute. He remembered that Isabel, in separating from him in Winchester Square, had repudiated his suggestion that her motive in doing so was the expectation of a visitor at Pratt's Hotel, and it was a novel sensation to him to have to suspect her of duplicity. On the other hand, he quickly said to himself, what concern was it of his that she should have made an appointment with a lover? Had it not been thought graceful in every age, that young ladies should make a secret of such appointments? Ralph made Miss Stackpole a diplomatic answer. "I should have thought that with the views you expressed to me the other day, that would satisfy you perfectly."

"That he should come to see her? That was very well, as far as it went.

It was a little plot of mine; I let him know that we were in London, and when it had been arranged that I should spend the evening out, I just sent him a word—a word to the wise. I hoped he would find her alone; I won't pretend I didn't hope that you would be out of the way. He came to see her; but he might as well have stayed away."

"Isabel was cruel?" Ralph inquired, smiling, and relieved at learning that his cousin had not deceived him.

"I don't exactly know what passed between them. But she gave him no satisfaction—she sent him back to America."

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" Ralph exclaimed.

"Her only idea seems to be to get rid of him," Henrietta went on.

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" repeated Ralph. The exclamation, it must be confessed, was somewhat mechanical. It failed exactly to express his thoughts, which were taking another line.

"You don't say that as if you felt it; I don't believe you care."

"Ah," said Ralph, "you must remember that I don't know this interesting young man—that I have never seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and I shall tell him not to give up. If I didn't believe Isabel would come round," said Miss Stackpole,—“well, I'd give her up myself!”

#### VIII.

It had occurred to Ralph that under the circumstances Isabel's parting with Miss Stackpole might be of a slightly embarrassed nature, and he went down to the door of the hotel in advance of his cousin, who after a slight delay followed, with the traces of an unaccepted remonstrance, as he thought, in her eye. The two made the journey to Gardencourt in almost unbroken silence, and the servant who met them at the station had no better news to give them of Mr. Touchett—a fact which caused Ralph

to congratulate himself afresh on Sir Matthew Hope's having promised to come down in the five o'clock train and spend the night. Mrs. Touchett, he learned, on reaching home, had been constantly with the old man, and was with him at that moment; and this fact made Ralph say to himself that, after all, what his mother wanted was simply opportunity. The finest natures were those that shone on large occasions. Isabel went to her own room, noting, throughout the house, that perceptible hush which precedes a crisis. At the end of an hour, however, she came down stairs in search of her aunt, whom she wished to ask about Mr. Touchett. She went into the library, but Mrs. Touchett was not there, and as the day, which had been damp and chill, was now apparently on the point of breaking into storm, it was not probable that she had gone for her usual walk in the grounds. Isabel was on the point of ringing to send an inquiry to her room, when her attention was taken by an unexpected sound—the sound of low music proceeding apparently from the drawing-room. She knew that her aunt never touched the piano, and the musician was therefore probably Ralph, who played for his own amusement. That he should have resorted to this recreation at the present time indicated apparently that his anxiety about his father had been relieved; so that Isabel took her way to the drawing-room with much alertness. The drawing-room at Garden-court was an apartment of great distances, and as the piano was placed at the end of it furthest removed from the door at which Isabel entered, her arrival was not noticed by the person seated before the instrument. This person was neither Ralph nor his mother; it was a lady whom Isabel immediately saw to be a stranger to herself, although her back was presented to the door. This back—an ample and well-dressed one—Isabel contemplated for some moments in surprise. The lady was of course a visitor, who had arrived during her

absence, and who had not been mentioned by either of the servants—one of them her aunt's maid—of whom she had had speech since her return. Isabel had already learned, however, that the British domestic is not effusive, and she was particularly conscious of having been treated with dryness by her aunt's maid, whose offered assistance the young lady from Albany—versed, as young ladies are in Albany, in the very metaphysics of the toilet—had suffered her to perceive that she deemed obstructive. The arrival of a visitor was far from disagreeable to Isabel; she had not yet divested herself of a youthful impression that each new acquaintance would exert some momentous influence upon her life. By the time she had made these reflections, she became aware that the lady at the piano played remarkably well. She was playing something of Beethoven's—Isabel knew not what, but she recognised Beethoven—and she touched the piano softly and discreetly, but with evident skill. Her touch was that of an artist; Isabel sat down, noiselessly, on the nearest chair and waited till the end of the piece. When it was finished she felt a strong desire to thank the player, and rose from her seat to do so, while at the same time the lady at the piano turned quickly round, as if she had become aware of her presence.

"That is very beautiful, and your playing makes it more beautiful still," said Isabel, with all the young radiance with which she usually uttered a truthful rapture.

"You don't think I disturbed Mr. Touchett then?" the musician answered, as sweetly as this compliment deserved. "The house is so large, and his room so far away, that I thought I might venture—especially as I played just—just *du bout des doigts*."

"She is a Frenchwoman," Isabel said to herself; "she says that as if she were French." And this supposition made the stranger more interesting to our speculative heroine. "I hope my uncle is doing well," Isabel

added. "I should think that to hear such lovely music as that would really make him feel better."

The lady gave a discriminating smile.

"I am afraid there are moments in life when even Beethoven has nothing to say to us. We must admit, however, that they are our worst moments."

"I am not in that state now," said Isabel. "On the contrary, I should be so glad if you would play something more."

"If it will give you pleasure—most willingly." And this obliging person took her place again, and struck a few chords, while Isabel sat down nearer the instrument. Suddenly the stranger stopped, with her hands on the keys, half-turning and looking over her shoulder at the girl. She was forty years old, and she was not pretty; but she had a delightful expression. "Excuse me," she said; "but are you the niece—the young American?"

"I am my aunt's niece," said Isabel, with *naïveté*.

The lady at the piano sat still a moment longer, looking over her shoulder with her charming smile.

"That's very well," she said, "we are compatriots."

And then she began to play.

"Ah, then she is not French," Isabel murmured; "and as the opposite supposition had made her interesting, it might have seemed that this revelation would have diminished her effectiveness. But such was not the fact; for Isabel, as she listened to the music, found much stimulus to conjecture in the fact that an American should so strongly resemble a foreign woman.

Her companion played in the same manner as before, softly and solemnly, and while she played the shadows deepened in the room. The autumn twilight gathered in, and from her place Isabel could see the rain, which had now begun in earnest, washing the cold-looking lawn, and the wind shaking the great trees. At last, when the music had ceased, the lady

got up, and, coming to her auditor, smiling, before Isabel had time to thank her again, said—

"I am very glad you have come back; I have heard a great deal about you."

Isabel thought her a very attractive person; but she nevertheless said, with a certain abruptness, in answer to this speech—

"From whom have you heard about me?"

The stranger hesitated a single moment, and then—

"From your uncle," she answered. "I have been here three days, and the first day he let me come and pay him a visit in his room. Then he talked constantly of you."

"As you didn't know me, that must have bored you."

"It made me want to know you. All the more that since then—your aunt being so much with Mr. Touchett—I have been quite alone, and have got rather tired of my own society. I have not chosen a good moment for my visit."

A servant had come in with lamps, and was presently followed by another, bearing the tea-tray. Of the appearance of this repast Mrs. Touchett had apparently been notified, for she now arrived and addressed herself to the tea-pot. Her greeting to her niece did not differ materially from her manner of raising the lid of this receptacle in order to glance at the contents: in neither act was it becoming to make a show of avidity. Questioned about her husband, she was unable to say that he was better; but the local doctor was with him, and much light was expected from this gentleman's consultation with Sir Matthew Hope.

"I suppose you two ladies have made acquaintance?" she said. "If you have not, I recommend you to do so; for so long as we continue—Ralph and I—to cluster about Mr. Touchett's bed, you are not likely to have much society but each other."

"I know nothing about you, but that you are a great musician," Isabel said to the visitor.



"There is a good deal more than that to know," Mrs. Touchett affirmed, in her little dry tone.

"A very little of it, I am sure, will content Miss Archer!" the lady exclaimed, with a light laugh. "I am an old friend of your aunt's—I have lived much in Florence—I am Madame Merle."

She made this last announcement as if she were referring to a person of tolerably distinct identity.

For Isabel, however, it represented but little; she could only continue to feel that Madame Merle had a charming manner.

"She is not a foreigner, in spite of her name," said Mrs. Touchett. "She was born—I always forget where you were born."

"It is hardly worth while I should tell you then."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Touchett, who rarely missed a logical point; "if I remembered, your telling me would be quite superfluous."

Madame Merle glanced at Isabel with a fine, frank smile.

"I was born under the shadow of the national banner."

"She is too fond of mystery," said Mrs. Touchett; "that is her great fault."

"Ah," exclaimed Madame Merle, "I have great faults, but I don't think that is one of them; it certainly is not the greatest. I came into the world in the Brooklyn navy-yard. My father was a high officer in the United States navy, and had a post—a post of responsibility—in that establishment at the time. I suppose I ought to love the sea, but I hate it. That's why I don't return to America. I love the land; the great thing is to love something."

Isabel, as a dispassionate witness, had not been struck with the force of Mrs. Touchett's characterization of her visitor, who had an expressive, communicative, responsive face, by no means of the sort which, to Isabel's mind, suggested a secretive disposition. It was a face that told of a rich nature and of quick and liberal impulses, and

though it had no regular beauty was in the highest degree agreeable to contemplate.

Madame Merle was a tall, fair, plump woman; everything in her person was round and replete, though without those accumulations which minister to indolence. Her features were thick, but there was a graceful harmony among them, and her complexion had a healthy clearness. She had a small grey eye, with a great deal of light in it—an eye incapable of dulness, and, according to some people, incapable of tears; and a wide, firm mouth, which, when she smiled, drew itself upward to the left side, in a manner that most people thought very odd, some very affected, and a few very graceful. Isabel inclined to range herself in the last category. Madame Merle had thick, fair hair, which was arranged with picturesque simplicity, and a large white hand, of a perfect shape—a shape so perfect that its owner, preferring to leave it unadorned, wore no rings. Isabel had taken her at first, as we have seen, for a Frenchwoman; but extended observation led her to say to herself that Madame Merle might be a German—a German of rank, a countess, a princess. Isabel would never have supposed that she had been born in Brooklyn—though she could doubtless not have justified her assumption that the air of distinction, possessed by Madame Merle in so eminent a degree, was inconsistent with such a birth. It was true that the national banner had floated immediately over the spot of the lady's nativity, and the breezy freedom of the stars and stripes might have shed an influence upon the attitude which she then and there took towards life. And yet Madame Merle had evidently nothing of the fluttered, flapping quality of a morsel of bunting in the wind; her deportment expressed the repose and confidence which come from a large experience. Experience, however, had not quenched her youth; it had simply made her sympathetic and supple. She was in a word a woman of ardent im-

pulses, kept in admirable order. What an ideal combination! thought Isabel.

She made these reflections while the three ladies sat at their tea; but this ceremony was interrupted before long by the arrival of the great doctor from London, who had been immediately ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs. Touchett took him off to the library, to confer with him in private; and then Madame Merle and Isabel parted, to meet again at dinner. The idea of seeing more of this interesting woman did much to mitigate Isabel's perception of the melancholy that now hung over Gardencourt.

When she came into the drawing-room before dinner she found the place empty; but in the course of a moment Ralph arrived. His anxiety about his father had been lightened; Sir Matthew Hope's view of his condition was less sombre than Ralph's had been. The doctor recommended that the nurse alone should remain with the old man for the next three or four hours; so that Ralph, his mother, and the great physician himself, were free to dine at table. Mrs. Touchett and Sir Matthew came in; Madame Merle was the last to appear.

Before she came, Isabel spoke of her to Ralph, who was standing before the fireplace.

"Pray who is Madame Merle?"

"The cleverest woman I know, not excepting yourself," said Ralph.

"I thought she seemed very pleasant."

"I was sure you would think her pleasant," said Ralph.

"Is that why you invited her?"

"I didn't invite her, and when we came back from London I didn't know she was here. No one invited her. She is a friend of my mother's, and just after you and I went to town, my mother got a note from her. She had arrived in England (she usually lives abroad, though she has first and last spent a good deal of time here), and she asked leave to come down for a few days. Madame Merle is a woman who can make such proposals with perfect confidence; she is so wel-

come wherever she goes. And with my mother there could be no question of hesitating; she is the one person in the world whom my mother very much admires. If she were not herself (which she after all much prefers), she would like to be Madame Merle. It would, indeed, be a great change."

"Well, she is very charming," said Isabel. "And she plays beautifully."

"She does everything beautifully. She is complete."

Isabel looked at her cousin a moment. "You don't like her."

"On the contrary, I was once in love with her."

"And she didn't care for you, and that's why you don't like her."

"How can we have discussed such things? M. Merle was then living."

"Is he dead now?"

"So she says."

"Don't you believe her?"

"Yes, because the statement agrees with the probabilities. The husband of Madame Merle would be likely to pass away."

Isabel gazed at her cousin again. "I don't know what you mean. You mean something—that you don't mean. What was M. Merle?"

"The husband of Madame."

"You are very odious. Has she any children?"

"Not the least little child—fortunately."

"Fortunately?"

"I mean fortunately for the child; she would be sure to spoil it."

Isabel was apparently on the point of assuring her cousin for the third time that he was odious; but the discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the lady who was the topic of it. She came rustling in quickly, apologising for being late, fastening a bracelet, dressed in dark blue satin, which exposed a white bosom that was ineffectually covered by a curious silver necklace. Ralph offered his arm with the exaggerated alertness of a man who was no longer a lover.

Even if this had still been his condition, however, Ralph had other things to think about. The great

doctor spent the night at Gardencourt, and returning to London on the morrow, after another consultation with Mr. Touchett's own medical adviser, concurred in Ralph's desire that he should see the patient again on the day following. On the day following Sir Matthew Hope reappeared at Gardencourt, and on this occasion took a less encouraging view of the old man, who had grown worse in the twenty-four hours. His feebleness was extreme, and to his son, who constantly sat by his bedside, it often seemed that his end was at hand. The local doctor, who was a very sagacious man, and in whom Ralph had secretly more confidence than in his distinguished colleague, was constantly in attendance, and Sir Matthew Hope returned several times to Gardencourt. Mr. Touchett was much of the time unconscious; he slept a great deal; he rarely spoke. Isabel had a great desire to be useful to him, and was allowed to watch with him several times when his other attendants (of whom Mrs. Touchett was not the least regular) went to take rest. He never seemed to know her, and she always said to herself—"Suppose he should die while I am sitting here;" an idea which excited her and kept her awake. Once he opened his eyes for a while and fixed them upon her intelligently, but when she went to him, hoping he would recognise her, he closed them and relapsed into unconsciousness. The day after this, however, he revived for a longer time; but on this occasion Ralph was with him alone. The old man began to talk, much to his son's satisfaction, who assured him that they should presently have him sitting up.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Touchett, "not unless you bury me in a sitting posture, as some of the ancients—was it the ancients?—used to do."

"Ah, daddy, don't talk about that," Ralph murmured. "You must not deny that you are getting better."

"There will be no need of my denying it if you don't affirm it," the old man answered. "Why should we

prevaricate, just at the last? We never prevaricated before. I have got to die some time, and it's better to die when one is sick, than when one is well. I am very sick—as sick as I shall ever be. I hope you don't want to prove that I shall ever be worse than this? That would be too bad. You don't? Well, then."

Having made this excellent point he became quiet; but the next time that Ralph was with him he again addressed himself to conversation. The nurse had gone to her supper and Ralph was alone with him, having just relieved Mrs. Touchett, who had been on guard since dinner. The room was lighted only by the flickering fire, which of late had become necessary, and Ralph's tall shadow was projected upon the wall and ceiling, with an outline constantly varying but always grotesque.

"Who is that with me—is it my son?" the old man asked.

"Yes, it's your son, daddy."

"And is there no one else?"

"No one else."

Mr. Touchett said nothing for a while; and then, "I want to talk a little," he went on.

"Won't it tire you?" Ralph inquired.

"It won't matter if it does. I shall have a long rest. I want to talk about you."

Ralph had drawn nearer to the bed; he sat leaning forward, with his hand on his father's. "You had better select a brighter topic," he said.

"You were always bright; I used to be proud of your brightness. I should like so much to think that you would do something."

"If you leave us," said Ralph, "I shall do nothing but miss you."

"That is just what I don't want; it's what I want to talk about. You must get a new interest."

"I don't want a new interest, daddy. I have more old ones than I know what to do with."

The old man lay there looking at his son; his face was the face of the dying, but his eyes were the eyes of

Daniel Touchett. He seemed to be reckoning over Ralph's interests. "Of course you have got your mother," he said at last. "You will take care of her."

"My mother will always take care of herself," Ralph answered.

"Well," said his father, "perhaps as she grows older she will need a little help."

"I shall not see that. She will outlive me."

"Very likely she will; but that's no reason—" Mr. Touchett let his phrase die away in a helpless but not exactly querulous sigh, and remained silent again.

"Don't trouble yourself about us," said his son. "My mother and I get on very well together, you know."

"You get on by always being apart; that's not natural."

"If you leave us, we shall probably see more of each other."

"Well," the old man observed, with wandering irrelevance, "it cannot be said that my death will make much difference in your mother's life."

"It will probably make more than you think."

"Well, she'll have more money," said Mr. Touchett. "I have left her a good wife's portion, just as if she had been a good wife."

"She has been one, daddy, according to her own theory. She has never troubled you."

"Ah, some troubles are pleasant," Mr. Touchett murmured. "Those you have given me, for instance. But your mother has been less—less—what do you call it? less theoretic since I have been ill. I presume she knows I have noticed it."

"I shall certainly tell her so; I am so glad you mention it."

"It won't make any difference to her; she didn't do it to please me. She did it to please—to please—" And he lay a while, trying to think why she had done it. "She did it to please herself. But that is not what I want to talk about," he added. "It's about you. You will be very well off."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I know that. But I hope you have not forgotten the talk we had a year ago—when I told you exactly what money I should need, and begged you to make some good use of the rest."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I made a new will—in a few days. I suppose it was the first time such a thing had happened—a young man trying to get a will made against him."

"It is not against me," said Ralph. "It would be against me to have a large property to take care of. It is impossible for a man in my state of health to spend much money, and enough is as good as a feast."

"Well, you will have enough—and something over. There will be more than enough for one—there will be enough for two."

"That's too much," said Ralph.

"Ah, don't say that. The best thing you can do, when I am gone, will be to marry."

Ralph had foreseen what his father was coming to, and this suggestion was by no means novel. It had long been Mr. Touchett's most ingenious way of expressing the optimistic view of his son's health. Ralph had usually treated it humorously; but present circumstances made the humorous tone impossible. He simply fell back in his chair and returned his father's appealing gaze in silence.

"If I, with a wife who hasn't been very fond of me, have had a very happy life," said the old man, carrying his ingenuity further still, "what a life might you not have, if you should marry a person different from Mrs. Touchett. There are more different from her than there are like her."

Ralph still said nothing; and after a pause his father asked softly—"What do you think of your cousin?"

At this Ralph started, meeting the question with a rather fixed smile. "Do I understand you to propose that I should marry Isabel?"

"Well, that's what it comes to in the end. Don't you like her?"

"Yes, very much." And Ralph got up from his chair and wandered

over to the fire. He stood before it an instant and then he stooped and stirred it, mechanically. "I like Isabel very much," he repeated.

"Well," said his father, "I know she likes you. She told me so."

"Did she remark that she would like to marry me?"

"No, but she can't have anything against you. And she is the most charming young lady I have ever seen. And she would be good to you. I have thought a great deal about it."

"So have I," said Ralph, coming back to the bedside again. "I don't mind telling you that."

"You are in love with her, then? I should think you would be. It's as if she came over on purpose."

"No, I am not in love with her; but I should be if—if certain things were different."

"Ah, things are always different from what they might be," said the old man. "If you wait for them to change, you will never do anything. I don't know whether you know," he went on; "but I suppose there is no harm in my alluding to it in such an hour as this: there was some one wanted to marry Isabel the other day, and she wouldn't have him."

"I know she refused Lord Warburton; he told me himself."

"Well, that proves that there is a chance for somebody else."

"Somebody else took his chance the other day in London—and got nothing by it."

"Was it you?" Mr. Touchett asked, eagerly.

"No, it was an older friend; a poor gentleman who came over from America to see about it."

"Well, I am sorry for him. But it only proves what I say—that the way is open to you."

"If it is, dear father, it is all the greater pity that I am unable to tread it. I haven't many convictions; but I have three or four that I hold strongly. One is that people, on the whole, had better not marry their cousins. Another is, that people in an

advanced stage of pulmonary weakness had better not marry at all."

The old man raised his feeble hand and moved it to and fro a little before his face. "What do you mean by that? You look at things in a way that would make everything wrong. What sort of a cousin is a cousin that you have never seen for more than twenty years of her life? We are all each other's cousins, and if we stopped at that the human race would die out. It is just the same with your weak lungs. You are a great deal better than you used to be. All you want is to lead a natural life. It is a great deal more natural to marry a pretty young lady that you are in love with than it is to remain single on false principles."

"I am not in love with Isabel," said Ralph.

"You said just now that you would be if you didn't think it was wrong. I want to prove to you that it isn't wrong."

"It will only tire you, dear daddy," said Ralph, who marvelled at his father's tenacity and at his finding strength to insist. "Then where shall we all be?"

"Where shall you be if I don't provide for you? You won't have anything to do with the bank, and you won't have me to take care of. You say you have got so many interests; but I can't make them out."

Ralph leaned back in his chair, with folded arms; his eyes were fixed for some time in meditation. At last, with the air of a man fairly mustering courage—"I take a great interest in my cousin," he said, "but not the sort of interest you desire. I shall not live many years; but I hope I shall live long enough to see what she does with herself. She is entirely independent of me; I can exercise very little influence upon her life. But I should like to do something for her."

"What should you like to do?"

"I should like to put a little wind in her sails."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I should like to put it into her power to do some of the things she



wants. She wants to see the world, for instance. I should like to put money in her purse."

"Ah, I am glad you have thought of that," said the old man. "But I have thought of it too. I have left her a legacy—five thousand pounds."

"That is capital; it is very kind of you. But I should like to do a little more."

Something of that veiled acuteness with which it had been, on Daniel Touchett's part, the habit of a lifetime to listen to a financial proposition, still lingered in the face in which the invalid had not obliterated the man of business. "I shall be happy to consider it," he said, softly.

"Isabel is poor, then. My mother tells me that she has but a few hundred dollars a year. I should like to make her rich."

"What do you mean by rich?"

"I call people rich when they are able to gratify their imagination. Isabel has a great deal of imagination."

"So have you, my son," said Mr. Touchett, listening very attentively, but a little confusedly.

"You tell me I shall have money enough for two. What I want is that you should kindly relieve me of my superfluity and give it to Isabel. Divide my inheritance into two equal halves, and give the second half to her."

"To do what she likes with?"

"Absolutely what she likes."

"And without an equivalent?"

"What equivalent could there be?"

"The one I have already mentioned."

"Her marrying—some one or other? It's just to do away with anything of that sort that I make my suggestion. If she has an easy income she will never have to marry for a support. She wishes to be free, and your bequest will make her free."

"Well, you seem to have thought it out," said Mr. Touchett. "But I don't see why you appeal to me. The money will be yours, and you can easily give it to her yourself."

Ralph started a little. "Ah, dear father, I can't offer Isabel money!"

The old man gave a groan. "Don't tell me you are not in love with her! Do you want me to have the credit of it?"

"Entirely. I should like it simply to be a clause in your will, without the slightest reference to me."

"Do you want me to make a new will, then?"

"A few words will do it; you can attend to it the next time you feel a little lively."

"You must telegraph to Mr. Hilary, then. I will do nothing without my lawyer."

"You shall see Mr. Hilary to-morrow."

"He will think we have quarrelled, you and I," said the old man.

"Very probably; I shall like him to think it," said Ralph, smiling; "and to carry out the idea, I give you notice that I shall be very sharp with you."

The humour of this appeared to touch his father; he lay a little while taking it in.

"I will do anything you like," he said at last; "but I'm not sure it's right. You say you want to put wind in her sails; but aren't you afraid of putting too much?"

"I should like to see her going before the breeze!" Ralph answered.

"You speak as if it were for your entertainment."

"So it is, a good deal."

"Well, I don't think I understand," said Mr. Touchett, with a sigh. "Young men are very different from what I was. When I cared for a girl—when I was young—I wanted to do more than look at her. You have scruples that I shouldn't have had, and you have ideas that I shouldn't have had either. You say that Isabel wants to be free, and that her being rich will keep her from marrying for money. Do you think that she is a girl to do that?"

"By no means. But she has less money than she has ever had before; her father gave her everything, because he used to spend his capital. She has

nothing but the crumbs of that feast to live on, and she doesn't really know how meagre they are—she has yet to learn it. My mother has told me all about it. Isabel will learn it when she is really thrown upon the world, and it would be very painful to me to think of her coming to the consciousness of a lot of wants that she should be unable to satisfy."

"I have left her five thousand pounds. She can satisfy a good many wants with that."

"She can indeed. But she would probably spend it in two or three years."

"You think she would be extravagant then?"

"Most certainly," said Ralph, smiling serenely.

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness was rapidly giving place to pure confusion. "It would merely be a question of time, then, her spending the larger sum?"

"No, at first I think she would plunge into that pretty freely; she would probably make over a part of it to each of her sisters. But after that she would come to her senses, remember that she had still a lifetime before her, and live within her means."

"Well, you have worked it out," said the old man, with a sigh. "You do take an interest in her, certainly."

"You can't consistently say I go too far. You wished me to go further."

"Well, I don't know," the old man answered. "I don't think I enter into your spirit. It seems to me immoral."

"Immoral, dear daddy?"

"Well, I don't know that it's right to make everything so easy for a person."

"It surely depends upon the person. When the person is good, your making things easy is all to the credit of virtue. To facilitate the execution of good impulses, what can be a nobler act?"

This was a little difficult to follow, and Mr. Touchett considered it for a while. At last he said—

"Isabel is a sweet young girl; but do you think she is as good as that?"

"She is as good as her best opportunities," said Ralph.

"Well," Mr. Touchett declared, "she ought to get a great many opportunities for sixty thousand pounds."

"I have no doubt she will."

"Of course I will do what you want," said the old man. "I only want to understand it a little."

"Well, dear daddy, don't you understand it now?" his son asked, caressingly. "If you don't, we won't take any more trouble about it; we will leave it alone."

Mr. Touchett lay silent a long time. Ralph supposed that he had given up the attempt to understand it. But at last he began again—

"Tell me this first. Doesn't it occur to you that a young lady with sixty thousand pounds may fall a victim to the fortune-hunters?"

"She will hardly fall a victim to more than one."

"Well, one is too many."

"Decidedly. That's a risk, and it has entered into my calculation. I think it's appreciable, but I think it's small, and I am prepared to take it."

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness had passed into perplexity, and his perplexity now passed into admiration.

"Well, you have gone into it!" he exclaimed. "But I don't see what good you are to get of it."

Ralph leaned over his father's pillows and gently smoothed them; he was aware that their conversation had been prolonged to a dangerous point. "I shall get just the good that I said just now I wished to put into Isabel's reach—that of having gratified my imagination. But it's scandalous, the way I have taken advantage of you!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

## A STUDY OF AN OLD PARISH REGISTER.

THE first volume of the Registers of the Parish Church of Margate dates from the year 1559, and comes down to the year 1681. Although an Order in Council had been issued by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in September, 1538, for the keeping of a register of weddings, christenings, and burials, and although one not unfrequently finds registers dating from that year, it is not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that they appear to have been generally kept. In the first year of her reign an injunction was issued on the subject more stringent than any which had preceded, and from that date the Margate Registers begin. After a patient study of the first volume since I became vicar, I shall endeavour to set forth in this paper some of the facts and curiosities of local and general history which it reveals. It is a long folio document containing 202 leaves, which are thus apportioned:—baptisms ninety-two, marriages twenty-nine, burials seventy-five, and six blank leaves between the marriages and burials. It differs not more in the style of the various hand-writings than in the manner of entries; some are in English, some in Latin, some are very carefully done, some as carelessly; now the writing is as black as this on the paper before me, presently the ink is so faded as to be almost illegible.

During the 122 years which the register covers, there were thirteen vicars in charge of the parish. They were

|                         |      |
|-------------------------|------|
| Thomas Hewett . . .     | 1545 |
| John Wood . . .         | 1563 |
| Wm. Lesley . . .        | 1567 |
| Robt. Jenkinson . . .   | 1577 |
| Philip Harrison . . .   | 1601 |
| Humphrey Wheatley . . . | 1607 |
| Peter Criche . . .      | 1631 |
| John Banks . . .        | 1635 |
| John Lawrey . . .       | 1647 |

|                        |      |
|------------------------|------|
| Edward Riggs . . .     | 1655 |
| Thomas Stephens . . .  | 1660 |
| John Overing . . .     | 1662 |
| Nicholas Chewney . . . | 1666 |

The first of these, however, who signs the register, is Jenkinson. The bottom of every page is subscribed "by me, Robert Jenkinson, minister," from the beginning to the year 1600, in such a way as to lead unpractised examiners to suppose that he was vicar all these years. But most readers of these lines probably know that the like case is found in most of the registers of so old a date. In 1597 an Order of Convocation was drawn up and approved by the Queen under the Great Seal, appointing persons to see whether the parish registers had been properly kept, ordering also that all entries were to be made on parchment, that they were to be read out each Sunday in church after service, and that as soon as any page was completed the minister was to sign it. Every minister too, on institution to a benefice, had to subscribe to this protestation, "I shall keep the register book according to the Queen's Majesty's injunctions." Here then we have the explanation of Vicar Jenkinson's many signatures. He was vicar when the order came out, and had to get all past entries by himself and his predecessors copied from paper into a parchment book, and to subscribe them all with his name. That hitherto they had been written as separate documents in slovenly fashion is shown by his having in two or three cases put whole batches of names out of proper order, and confessing as much in a note.

The names of his predecessors I have supplied from the Archbishop's Register at Lambeth Palace, but two of them occur incidentally among the

Margate papers. There is a deed of Queen Mary in the parish chest, giving the tithe of milk, honey, flax, hawks, &c., and the offertories on the great festivals to Thomas Hewett and his successors, and there is a child baptised of "Mr. Wood, vicar."

Previous to the time of the registers again there are two memorials to past vicars in the church. One is a brass on the chancel floor, with an inscription to "Sir Thomas Smith," who died October 3rd, 1433. And above it is a heart inscribed with the words *credo quod*, and with three legends proceeding from it

"Redemptor meus vivit"  
 "de terra resurrecturus sum"  
 "in carne mea videbo Salvatorem meum."

Evidently the whole has a reference to Rom. x. 10—"with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." The other ancient memorial is a brass figure of a priest in full canonicals for the mass, "Sir Thomas Cardyff, which continueth vicar of this church fifty-five yere and died in 1516." On examination of the Lambeth Register I find him called Thomas ap Jevan ap Jones. There can be no doubt concerning his nationality. It needs hardly to be added that "Sir" was the ordinary title of the parish priest in those days; Sir Oliver Martext and Sir Hugh Evans are known to us all.

On the fly-leaf of the first volume of the register before us there are very short and not very accurate biographical notices of the vicars, in the handwriting of one of their successors, John Johnson (1697-1703). He was a famous man in his day, the author of the work called *The Unbloody Sacrifice*, anticipating the *Tracts for the Times* and causing almost as much stir. But we have no concern with him now. He falls into the mistake of supposing that Jenkinson was minister from 1559 to 1601; and being puzzled by finding Wood named as vicar in the registry of baptisms, jumps to the conclusion that Jenkinson must have been his curate.

The mistake is excusable seeing that Johnson had never access to the Lambeth Records. The never-sufficiently-to-be-praised Andrew Ducarel who died in 1785 had not yet by his patient labour arranged and indexed those papers and put them within our reach.

With their help and with that of Johnson's notices I propose to arrange what I have to say concerning the registers under the names of the respective vicars. First then comes *Thomas Hewett*. Considering that he peaceably held his vicarage in the days of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, one might come to a hasty, and possibly most unjust, conclusion, that he was as unscrupulous as the Vicar of Bray himself. Mr. Green has shown us how public opinion swayed to and fro among the intelligent classes, and how the great majority all through were averse to violent change. The government of Mary at the worst period of it did not interfere with those clergy who went on quietly tending their flocks without meddling with controversy, and there is no reason why Hewett may not have gone among the Thanet villagers, reading the Bible to them and preaching a true gospel without feeling impelled to denounce "wafer-gods" or "idol images." In such a case he would be quite safe.

He begins his registers, as a boy at school begins a new copybook, with the laudable determination to be perfectly neat. At the first anniversary which we come to of the Queen's accession the register breaks off to announce the fact in large German text *Anno secundi Regni Reginae Elizabethae*. But when the next year comes round it is forgotten, for there is no further notice. The principal family in the parish in those days was that of Norwood. This is proved not only by some handsome brasses in the church, but by the fact that whenever one of them is baptised the registrar more than once makes the entry in large embossed hand so that it is the most

conspicuous entry in the page. There is little difficulty in tracing out the pedigree of the family with the assistance of the records of the neighbouring parishes. And the same family is now represented in Margate by the town bill-sticker, who, according to the escutcheons which meet one on all sides, is entitled to decorate his professional paste-pot with a cross engrailed gules, on a field ermine. Three other names are conspicuous, each of which has much that is interesting to the local historian. Visitors to the Isle of Thanet know the grand old castellated brick gateway of about the date of the third Edward, on which a lion with an enormous tooth is sculptured on a corbel. The place is called Dentdelyon, and so were the family inhabiting it till the middle of the fifteenth century. Most illustrated books on brasses have an engraving of the fine effigy of "John Dandelion" in the church, who died in 1445, "on the day of the invention of the holy cross" (Sept. 14), as the inscription states. He rebuilt a great portion of the church, and put up one or more of the beautiful peal of bells. He left one daughter only, and she married a certain Henry Pettit, who thereby became owner of Dentdelyon. Consequently when we come down to the time of the registers we find much made of the Pettit family. The head of it for the time being is always called "Mr.," and "gent" or "generous" is written after his name. One of them who died in the days of Charles II., and who has a handsome monument on the north wall of the church was chronicled in more perishable style. He had a poem written to his memory (for a consideration no doubt) by Elkanah Settle, and I have seen a copy of it—a handsome folio in rich morocco binding, and "adorned with sculptures." *Sic transit.* This family too flourishes in Margate. Its present representative is a respectable and efficient chimney-sweep. Two other great families have, so far as I know, quite disappeared, the Clay-

brooks and the Spracklyngs. Much honour is offered to them also in the registers, and to the former there is a remarkably fine monument of the days of Charles I., to the latter there remains only the matrix of a vanished brass. The head of this family was hanged in 1653 for murdering his wife. There are some old quarto pamphlets giving the history, and moralising upon it, but the story is told also in Lewis's *History of Thanet*.

When Vicar Hewett died, in 1563, Archbishop Parker appointed John Wood as his successor. We owe him no thanks as regards the registers, for from this moment they take to giving the father's name only. I was at a loss to account for the difference until I searched at Lambeth for the date of Wood's appointment, and found that the two coincide. The absence of the mother's name is very annoying, because it often prevents one from fixing with certainty a place in a genealogical tree. For example, there are two Alexander Norwoods, but their wives are differently named, so that we have to go to other sources, by no means easy to investigate, to settle between them.

What Wood had done I cannot find, but the Lambeth records tell that on the 21st November, 1564, he was *legitime deprivatus*, and Wm. Lesley was appointed his successor. There seems to have been much disorder too in this vicar's time, for there is a gap in the register of baptisms from February 20th, 1575, till April 6th, 1577.<sup>1</sup> And the marriage register has only two entries for 1575, and none for 1576.

But Jenkinson (1577) is even worse. In his entry of baptisms he gives no parents' names at all. "Mary Clay," "George Bing"—this is all. His entries are in Latin. Between April and August, 1579, there are no baptisms; and in 1582, 1585, 1586, 1587, no marriages at all.

Before leaving him there is one

<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember that the year began and ended on the 25th of March.



entry to be transcribed from his autograph. It is at the end of the book:—

Dutyes belonging to ye Vic of Set John—

|   | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| ffor marriage and banes . . . .         | 3  | 0  |
| for buriall in a sheet only . . . .     | 0  | 6  |
| With a coffin . . . . .                 | 1  | 0  |
| Yf the Corps be brought into the church | 2  | 0  |
| ffor chyrching a woman . . . . .        | 1  | 0  |
| but must compound for the face cloth    |    |    |
| And the poorer sort to pay only . . . . | 0  | 9  |
| Easter offeringe per pole . . . . .     | 0  | 6  |

ROBERT JENKINSON, minister.

At length we come in the register of burials to this:—"Robert Jenkinson, minister of St. John's, vicar of the same church, was buried the 13th of Maye, 1601."

His successor, *Philip Harrison*, appears to have been non-resident for the first four years of his incumbency, for the registers are signed by "Egidius Harrison, curatus." This Giles Harrison's entries are curious, and by no means to his credit. In the first place he writes a vile hand, and further, he is intolerably careless. There are a host of entries in all three divisions crowded into the margin by his successor, and annotated thus:—"Per negligentiam Curati omisus." But an attack which he makes on his wife in the church book is, I should think, unique. I should mention that Robert Jenkinson had married one Anne Maynard at St. Peter's (the next parish), as I found by examining the church books there. She had borne him three or four children when he died, and on the September following his death in May she married Harrison, as the same book shows. And this is how he enters the baptism of her child:—

"Giles Whitfield the sonne of Henry Whitfield bapt. ix<sup>th</sup> of April 1603, begotten of the wyffe which was Robert Jenkinson's widow and married unto Giles Harrison, curate of S. John's."

And in the margin he writes—

"Quia partus sequitur ventrem."

The woman whose character is thus so bitterly attacked does not appear  
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to have known of this entry until 1608, i.e. after Philip Harrison's death. The results of her discovery are two: (1) The following entry, written with pale ink, and decipherable with difficulty, crowded into the page opposite the attack:—

"18<sup>o</sup> die Julii 1608 coram Georgio Newman Legum doctore officiali cum Radulpho Bailey notario publico ad petitionem Anne Harrison uxoris Egidii Harrison nuper curati Sti Johannis Thaneto registratur filius eorundem Egidii et Anne, viz. Egidius Harrison filius Egidii Harrison et dictæ Anne Baptizatus in ecclia par ochia li divi Johannis predicti nono die mensis Aprilis Ano dni 1603 quia falso inscribitur columna præcedente ex malitia ut asseritur quorum omnium dicta Anna fert fidem.

"G. NEWMAN."

And (2) In the entry itself the words "Henry Whitfield" are erased, and "Gyles Harrison" substituted; and the word "aforesaid" is inserted before "curate," so that it runs—"Giles Harrison, the son of Giles Harrison, bapt. ix<sup>th</sup>," &c. &c. And in the margin the objectionable Latin words are struck out, and this entry is made:—

"Ex calumnia mera. These rasures and interlynations were made to certyfy that which was but falsly supposed out of jealousy and so written. 28 July, 1608.

"G. NEWMAN."

I am very curious to learn what became of this Giles Harrison. He was not buried at Margate, nor at St. Peter's; but if I am not mistaken, he came back some years later, got hold of the books somehow, and renewed his attack—for there is a savage entry which looks like his writing, and which I think must be intended to repeat his charge, but it is somewhat obscure, and I will pass it over. In 1604 Philip Harrison takes up the registers, and is the best and most careful chronicler we have had yet. After two or three in English, he makes the rest of his entries in Latin. He gives not only parents' names, but place of residence and incidents, thus:—"Thomas filius Clementis Swinford, habitantis apud Northdowne bapt fuit

ultimo die Februarii die Jovis, 1604, et mater ipsius eodem die purificata fuit, hic in ecclesia, illa domi in ædibus suis." This vicar is evidently a High Churchman. He carefully notes Saints' Days, if baptisms or burials take place upon them. Sometimes he writes: "A. B., son of C. D.—*renatus fuit*." In the marriages he tells how Simon Michell and Maria Cootes were married—"die Lunæ primo Aprilis cum licentia propter tempus nefastum [*i.e. Lent*] cum alias bannæ legitime proclamata fuerint et solum obstiterit illud tempus nefastum." Then follow some words explaining why the parties were married at this *tempus nefastum*, but neither I nor any one to whom I have shown them can entirely read the entry; the ink is quite faded.<sup>1</sup>

In the next entry he tells how Moses Smith and Mary Payne were married "Grato imbre toto mane descendente 6to May, 1605." Again, "Vicesimo quinto Julii die Jovis et festo Jacobi 1605, Ricardus Beerling cœlebs et Richarden Whitsenden vidua matrimonium solemnizabant in facie congregationis post matutinas preces." In fact there is hardly an entry in this Vicariate which has not some little graphic touch. Then he has all kinds of synonyms for "married"—"matrimonio juncti sunt," "mariti fuere," "connubio juncti sunt, ille cœlebs hæc virgo," "matrimonium inierunt," "copula jugali juncti," &c. And so there is hardly an entry of burials made by him without some remark or comment. This is his second entry:—"Decimo quinto Februarii, 1604, sepulti fuerunt Robertus Wild Thomas Fleet et Morganus Pink, qui omnes pridie in fortunio submersi fuerunt ante ora vicinorum dum opem ferre student cuidam navi de Portsmouth periclitanti in alto et in ipso conspectu villæ de Margate, super scopulum vocatum *le Nayland*." (On the very morning

on which I transcribe this entry a fisherman has been found drowned on the same rock. It is now so washed down as to be under water at low tide, but is very dangerous.) Here is another entry:—"Tertio Aprilis, 1605. Margareta Rippington famula Edwardi Toddi pavlo ante mortem ipsius sepulta fuit natura cessit in ædibus. Comes Petrus Ranckhorne de Mongeam [Mongeham] immiscuit se in bonis dictæ defunctæ tanquam executor nihilominus recusavit debitum erogare—Vicarii pro sepultura ipsius. Conveniendus ergo in foro ecclesiastico." Here again:—"3<sup>o</sup> die Martis, 1605, Margareta Goodale, filia Emblemæ Goodale viduæ sepulta fuit et propter graves imbres et aeris intemperiem tunc temporis post humationem infantis funebria perorata fuerunt in atrio ecclesiæ."

"Duodecim Jan: Die Dominica 1605 Willelmus Norwood ecclie istius clericus sepultus fuit ante meridiem ejusdem die post concionem finitam."

"30<sup>o</sup> Jan: 1605, die Jovis Agnes Bachelor sepulta fuit et Vincentius Huffam funebrem pro ipsa habuit concionem delibans sibi textum quartum versiculum Psalmi tricesimi noni. Lord lett me knowe myne end and the measure of my daies what it is. Lett me know how long I have to live."

And presently, as usual, we have "Decimo quarto die mensis Augusti Philippus Harrison vicarius hujus pochie Sti Johannis sepultus fuit. Ao Dni, 1607."

Of all the vicars in this register I like him best. He is such a thoughtful, agreeable, Boswellian kind of parson. Before leaving him I have a few other entries of his to note down. In some registers there are many records of the results of collections made for persons who had lost by fires throughout England. Within the memory of persons still living, "briefs" were read out asking for such aid. It was a sort of rough fire-insurance. In the Margate Registers no such collections are named except four in the incumbency of

<sup>1</sup> This is the only passage in the book which has thoroughly baffled me. Others have obstinately held out for a long time but have succumbed at last.

Philip Harrison's, and one in that of his successor. In the St. Peter's registers there are two or three pages of them.

Here are Harrison's, with a curious uniformity in the sums :—

"Collected by virtue of his Mties Missive unto my Lord [Archbishop Bancroft] for the reedifying of a church and fower chappells in the parish of Arthuret in the Countie of Cumberland, the 24th day of September 1606 in the parish of S. John, vii. *iid.*

"Second Collection.—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, October the 21, the summe of vii. *vid.*

"Third Collection.—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, April the first, 1607, the summe of vii. *iid.* ob.

"Fourth Collection.—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, July the fifth, the summe of vii. *ixd.* ob."

There are also some Latin hexameters composed by him on the same page; they are intended for a monument in the church, and are to be seen there.

*Humphrey Wheatley*, who came next, was from Leicestershire. So says Johnson's notice of him at the end of the book, and the same writer adds I know not on what ground :—"Verisimile est nullum ex antedictis fuisse Concionatorem." There is not much to record concerning the twenty-four years of *Humphrey Wheatley's* incumbency. He now and then gives us a bit of local news, but for the most part confines himself to bare entries. I select a few.

"Feb. 26, 1613.—Johes Middlemast plaustris rotis interfectus et Rogerus Hobcroft et Georgius Philpott eadem hora ripa marina obruti et evecti sepulti fuere.

"April 23, 1614.—Johes Rigden ulcere magno in femore laborans a Chirurgo inscissus mortuus et sepultus est.

"Dec. 23, 1614.—'Elizabetha Anus.' [In the margin is written 'Old Beas.' Evidently she was a character in the town, and only known by this name.]

"April 14, 1624.—Johannes Claybrooke. Interfectus a Stephano Cuntry, et sepultus est."

"Feb. 21, 1624.—Quidam de Barking.

"Feb. 28.—Bull. [This is all.]

"March 13.—Thomasina filia Thomæ Cock, nata, baptizata, et sepulta est.

"Oct. 11, 1626.—Advena a Syriack Sea sepultus est.

"Feb. 26, 1626.—Humfredus Wheatley

jun. Verbi Divini Minister, interfectus a milite.

"Feb. 8, 1627.—Thomas Middleton, quondam dives, pauperrimus.

"Jan. 20, 1629.—Thomas Norton edendo suffocatus.

But there are two other entries made by *Wheatley*. In 1619, when the book was filling at about the rate of a page a year; he wanted to make a notice of neither birth, wedding, nor burial, so he turned over eighty-four pages of the burial portion, probably supposing that the world would come to an end before that part of the book was wanted, and wrote as follows :—

Ano. Dni. 1619.

"Mrs. Mary Claybrooke licensed according to the statute to eat flesh the 1 of March, entred this 8 day. And lykewise Rich. Norwood both licensed and entred upon the same first and 8th of March 1619.

"HUMFREY WHEATLEY."

So there it stands, solitary, among the burials of 1672, which, in the ordinary course of things, came to that page. The observance of Lent was enforced by proclamation, but well-to-do people like the Claybrookes and Norwoods compounded by giving money for the poor. I have met with many similar cases. And one sometimes finds instances where a man is presented for not keeping the fast; thus at Henley, Robert Chamberlain is taken to task "for roasting a pigg," and Henry Waller for "seething two peeces of bacon."

Mr. *Wheatley's* other note is at the end of the volume without date.

"The first payment for Virginia xviii. viiid."

This was probably a collection for "the Pilgrim Fathers' Settlement" in the early part of the reign of Charles I. (See Green, iii., 168-9.)

On the 26th of October 1631 *Wheatley* himself was buried. Peter Criche succeeded. The first entry in his incumbency is the funeral of his own son. Twelve months later he buried another. The account of him which Johnson gives, namely that he was

drowned in the Margate "Hoy," explains why his own burial is not recorded. "*Petrus Criche qui unâ cum Clerico parochiali submersus est in Navigio (quod Hoy vocant) ad Londinium iter faciens.*" I have met with no other account of the catastrophe, probably Johnson received it from parochial tradition. It happened sixty-two years before his own incumbency.

"Joannes Bankes [writes Johnson] qui erat Puritanus, et in quem Populus est perquam beneficus ab Anno 1635 usque ad 1647 hâc Vicariâ fruebatur. Hinc ad Paludem Romniensium (Ivy church) commigravit."

He deserves this praise at starting, that his writing is the neatest in the book. From the Report of the Historical MSS. Commission I learn that he summoned the parishioners together to church, on the 3rd of March, 1643, and they swore to the solemn league and covenant. There is no mention of this in the Parochial Register, but in the churchwardens' accounts there is an entry, "For writing the covenant and parchment, 3s." He introduces one novelty, viz., that every page is subscribed not only with his own name, but with that of his churchwardens.

Here is a curious entry; an inventory of church goods, dated May 12, 1641, and continued every year till 1644. After that the accounts are missing till 1653:—

"A note of such goods and employments as are belonging to the pische church of St. John's ye Baptist, in the Isle of Thanett.

"Comprising two silver cups, with one silver cover, used at the time of administering the Holy Communion.

"Item—three pewter flaggones used at the like occasion, and were given by Mr. Valentine Pettit, deceased.

"Item—a deske; three bookes, one of Jewell's workes, the other two of the Acts and Monuments of the Church [Foxe's].

"Item—a Bible, two bookes of Comon Prayer, a booke of Cannons, a booke of Homileyes, and other smalle bookes of paper appointed to bee read for several purposes.

"Item—a Communion table, and a carpet thereunto belonging.

"Item—two old tables, and one cushion.

"Item—a newe pulpitt cloath and cushion, both of greane cloath.

"Item—one old pulpitt cloath and cushion, both of silke.

"Item—a surplus and a hoade.

"Item—two chestes on with three lockes, and the other with one locke.

"Item—one old trunk, and one pewter basin.

"Item—four ladders, a spade, a shovel, a spud, a ladle, and mattock.

"Item—ten settinge formes, one planke forme to worke on, and sixe old bell-wheels not serviceable.

"Item—in the vestry, three tressells, a shoote for leade, and parte of a fourme for the sheets to runne; certaine old leade, and four small piggs of leade.

"Item—a saint's bell, a beer to carry the dead corps on, and xviii. of bell metle.

"Item—five peeces of new timber cont. by estimacion, two tun lyeing in Edward Mussared's place.

"Item—one spill pin, one drift pin, an iron chisell, and some olde iron.

"Item—a table cloath of linnen, and a napkin for the Communion table.

"Item—in the steple, certaine posts of timber and planke to trusse the bells, three long peeces of timber, and two winch rowles.

"Item—a new stoole to sett the coffins on in sermon time."

The inventory for 1653 is substantially the same. The "saints' bell" "cannons," bier, and stool for the coffins, have disappeared with the "pieces of timber." But the two Prayer-books are still here, though the use had been proscribed by law.

Thinking of Puritans, I looked carefully for curiosities in the Baptismal Register. We all know Praise-God Barebones. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* has "Mr. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy," and "Tribulation Wholesome," and Lord Macaulay laughs at the frequenters of the Calvinistic coffee-houses who "discussed election and reprobation through their noses, and christened their children out of the Book of Nehemiah." Mr. Bardsley in his has given us some astonishing oddities, but I am bound to say I have met with none at Margate. Possibly there may have been some at conventicles, but in this register I have only noted "Godlie," "Faith," "Mercy," "Godgift," "Freggift."

One Goodwin has his son christened "Earl." It is curious to note how the fashion of Christian names has changed. I believe that "Charles" only occurs four times in the whole volume, "William" only twice, "Edith" and "Alfred" not at all. Scripture names are by far the most common.

*John Lawrey*, vicar from 1646 to 1653, was a Scotchman, and so proud of his northern origin that he announces it continually. At the beginning of his incumbency he writes in the margin, "*Joannes Lawrey Scotobritannus Vicarius.*" He puts his name on the first page of the register, which no one else has done, and on the last page he has also written, "*John Lawrey Scoto Brit: Taodunan Vic: 1646.*" And these are by no means all. When his baby is christened, July 10, 1647, he registers it *Filius Johannis (Scoto-britanni) Vicarii et Marthæ Lawrey*. He was a scholar and man of ability, with a lot cast in troublous times, as several remarks show, though there is less perturbation than one might have expected to find. There is one entry, evidently intended to be significant, opposite a baptism on Jan. 16, 1647. "Last baptism unquestioned," alluding, I suppose, to the Ordinance which had been passed, substituting the Directory for the Book of Common Prayer. This is curious—"April 22, 1652, Baptizatus *Johnes filius Thomæ Smith et Mary Smith*. Tunc etiam Baptizta filia *Johnio Bigs* in templo Domini dictaque est *Sara*." It seems strange that the *place* of the ceremony should be thus specified, and here only. The entry is certainly in Lawrey's writing.

There are a few interesting entries among the burials.

Thus:—"June 2, 1648, Mr. Geo. Somner, Major, qui obiit ad Vicum Wye in defensione Patriæ et Regis." This was in the Royalist rising in Kent (Clarendon, Book viii.), as an interesting memorial in the church shows. It is a plain stone lying close to the pulpit,

with the following inscription:—"Depositum *Georgii Somneri generosi Cantuariensis natu, qui turmæ eques tris ductor strenuè se gerens in conflictu Wiensi apud Cantianos globulo trajectus caput fortiter occubuit, haud minori cum Patriæ luctu, quam sua cum laude.* 30 May 1648, *Ætatis suæ 51.*" Underneath this are two lines, roughly obliterated with a chisel, by order, it is said, of Parliament.

His widow, under her maiden name of Norwood, afterwards married Captain Pettit of Dentsdelyon.

On 31st July, 1648, Mr. Lawrey states that "Wm. Sharpe was buried, shot inhumanely by a catch of the Lord of Warwick at the coming of the revolted ships into the Downs."

Twice before the registers are taken out of his hands he tells how he married certain persons with the Prayer Book, and then he names the sureties who, he says, engaged to bear him harmless.

In 1653 Parliament ordered that registrars were to be chosen by every parish, who were to be sworn by a justice of the peace. In many registers the record of the administration of the oath, and the terms of it, is set down in the register. It is so in the St. Peter's book,<sup>1</sup> along with a protest by the vicar against the book being taken out of his hands. In the volume

<sup>1</sup> It is worth transcribing at length. "The oath of John Baker for marriages, births, and burials, in the parish of St. Peter the Apostle in the Isle of Thanet, administered before me, Thomas White, of the towne and port of Dover, Jurat and Justice of the Peace there, and in the limbes and precincts thereof, this 1st day of June, 1654.

"You shall swear that you shall duely and truly during the tyme you shall continew register Register all marriages, and birthes of children, and burials of all sorts of people within the said parish of St. Peter the Apostle in the said isle, and the names of everie of them, and the daies of the moneth and yeare of publicacion of marriages, birthes, and burials, and y<sup>e</sup> parents, guardians and overseer's names, whereof you shall have notice according to the Act of Parliament in that behalfe made. So helpe you God.

"THO. WHITE."



before us, after the register of a baptism on December 11, 1653, I find the following, in the hand of a royalist cleric, whom I suspect to be Mr. Powell, referred to below :—

"Henceforward until you must look to have this register somewhat confused, for it was kept in confused times, and when the government was broken and imprisoned, when Hypocrisy reigned and proclaimed herself by the name of Religion, and this poore nation lay under an arbitrary government, our lives, libertyes, and estates for divers year last past being subject to be taken away by a vote of a piece of an House of Commons without any legall tryall or judgment by peers, according to the law untill ye Lord Generall of ye army took on him ye government and then we began to have some rules to live by."

The blank in the first line was evidently left in the hope that the writer might one day get the volume in his control again, but blank it has remained to this day. In some registers one finds a sort of shriek of joy from the vicar at its being restored to him after the Rebellion was at an end. In the present case, John Lawrey died with any such hope unfulfilled, for his burial is registered September 3, 1655.<sup>1</sup>

The registrar chosen by the town-folk of Margate certainly does no credit to their choice. His name was Edward Culmer, and he belonged to a family which had made itself distinguished for its Puritanical violence. One of them had smashed the stained glass windows of Canterbury Cathedral. But this man could not write. Were I to introduce a facsimile of his signature the reader would be impelled to exclaim "It must be an exaggeration!" And I feel sure that some one must have held his hand even to make this, for the pen has strayed in a feeble, spluttering fashion all over the paper. However, he did not hold office very long, for in 1656 he signs for the last time, and his successor has written, evidently with triumphant spirit, "Exit Culmer" against his name, and his burial is registered January

29, 1656. This successor was the parish clerk, Francis Cory, whose handwriting is admirable, a hand that would have gladdened Lord Palmerston's heart—free and bold, and every word legible at first glance. He held his office till 1693, when his burial is recorded.

There are two points to notice in the entries of the time of the Commonwealth. The one is that the birth, not the baptism, is registered, though in a very short time the book-keeper, I observe, sets down both. In some cases it is carefully noted that the Prayer-book was used. The other is that marriages are performed generally, but not always, by civil magistrates. Thus—"December 26, 1653, Edward Paine and Elizabeth Nash were married by Justice [he is sometimes called Maior] Foach at his house at Monkton." He marries the thirteen couples that follow, then we have Mr. Lawrey marrying a couple, and so they go on, in about these proportions.

In 1656 the marriage entries change again. We have now the banns of marriage recorded. "Richard Young, Bach., and Ann Egender, Virgin, were published ye 21st of September, the 28th of September, and the 5th of October, and were married by Justice Foach the 9th day of October, 1656." Sometimes we are told that the banns were published in the parish church, sometimes "in Sandwich markett."

Lawrey was succeeded by *Edward Riggs*, who had been a chaplain to Admiral Blake.<sup>2</sup> He was, it need hardly be said, a Presbyterian. I have seen an autograph letter or two of his. He wrote a singularly graceful and pretty hand. Mr. Johnson's note upon him is "*Edvardus Riggs, si fas est Vicarium vocari quem: merum Laicum fuisse accepimus, quo igitur loco scribatur N. Powell quem hic aliquandiu prædicasse constat jam post Scoti mortem, a Vicario Sti Petri huc*

<sup>1</sup> In the following February he widows marries Thomas Lucas, Chirurgion.

<sup>2</sup> My authority for this is a MS. note of an industrious student of Margate Antiquities, Mr. John Boys.

committavit atq hic obiit." There is an angry fling at Riggs in the St. Peter's Register *à propos* of his having gone thither to baptise a child.

What became of him I should be very glad to learn. He marries a couple on December 19, 1659, and signs the churchwardens' accounts that year, after which I lose sight of him. He is not buried at St. John's nor at St. Peter's. Probably he had to resign his post at the Restoration. His successor was Thomas Stephens, vicar of St. Peter's. Johnson's note is "Post Riggs Thomas Stephens a Parochia Sti Petri (populi cum ingratiis) huc venit." If the statement of Lewis is correct, the words in the parenthesis are explainable. He is said to have been a man of licentious life. His name does not occur in the register nor in the churchwardens' accounts until we have this—"January 2, 1661, Thomas Smith, vicar of this parish, was buried."

The Margate people on Mr. Riggs's departure had petitioned the crown to give them the curate of Minster, John Overing.<sup>1</sup> They now repeated this request to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Juxon) on Stephens's death, and were successful. He came, but only lived four years longer; then came Nicholas Chewney. He had been deprived, in the days of the Commonwealth, of the neighbouring living of St. Nicholas, but immediately afterwards obtained that of Ivor, in Buckinghamshire. At the Restoration he returned to St. Nicholas, and now is brought to Margate. Johnson calls him "*bonus vir qui Theologia Doctor vocari gestiit*," and adds "*Ab anno 1665 ad annum 1685 feliciter huic populo prefuit.*"

<sup>1</sup> On the vacancy caused by Mr. Lawrey's death I have found evidence that they took vast pains for a good successor. They called in the aid and advice of their former vicar, Mr. Bankes, for in the churchwardens' accounts we have several charges for journeys to consult Mr. Bankes, and for ministers whom Mr. Bankes recommended on trial.

He is the last vicar with whom this register has to do. The chief interest of the volume in his days lies in the continual mention of King Charles's ships, and the seamen brought ashore out of them and buried. Any one in quest of evidence to support Macaulay's dismal account, in his third chapter, of the state of the navy, will find it in abundance here.

I have put together the following table of each successive tenth year, starting from the first complete year in the register:—

|      | Baptisms. | Marriages. | Burials. |
|------|-----------|------------|----------|
| 1560 | 21        | 10         | 15       |
| 1570 | 28        | 11         | 27       |
| 1580 | 18        | 4          | 12       |
| 1590 | 12        | 5          | 5        |
| 1600 | 24        | 6          | 19       |
| 1610 | 40        | 13         | 20       |
| 1620 | 51        | 20         | 17       |
| 1630 | 49        | 8          | 26       |
| 1640 | 50        | 16         | 40       |
| 1650 | 41        | 7          | 35       |
| 1660 | 47        | 1          | 29       |
| 1670 | 60        | 4          | 52       |
| 1680 |           | 5          | 55       |

It would be unsafe to generalise on the figures shown in this table. The burials are of course the most useful for determining population, but even they are unsafe to judge by, seeing how largely the number is augmented by the deaths by drowning which are recorded, as well as aboard the ships in the Margate Roads. That the registers were very carelessly kept at some periods will be apparent at a glance.

Probably it will not be a very wild supposition if we estimate the yearly burials as about twenty to a thousand inhabitants. In two or three years there was some fatal epidemic, whole families were swept off, and the deaths exceeded a hundred a year.

Nobody in those days dreamt of going to Margate for a holiday. It was indeed much visited by persons

crossing the seas. "Margate," says Daniel Defoe, "is eminent for nothing that I know of but for King William's frequently landing there in his return from Holland, and for shipping a vast quantity of corn for the London market, most of which, if not all of it, is produced in the Isle of Thanet, in which it stands. But it is a poor pitiful place." Certainly it was a great place for royal landings. Charles II. was expected here at the Restoration, and a royal escort was waiting for him, but the wind settled the question in favour of Dover. King Charles, however, came here next year to meet his sister. King William was here constantly. In the library of the House of Lords there is a MS. account in French of his landing on October 30th, 1691, at "*un méchant village nommé Margette.*"

George II. once landed in the middle of the night on some crazy steps, which disappeared last year, and was taken to a house still standing, in King Street, to sleep. Local tradition records that an old lady preceded him with a tallow candle in a lantern, and said at the corner, "O please, Mr. King, mind the puddle." King Street remains almost *in statu quo*, and there are still abundance of puddles. But a Quaker named Beale made the town prosperous by increasing the facilities for bathing. And the doctors have helped it on, for one of the most eminent of living physicians is said to have declared that the two most healthy places in the world are Margate and Hampstead Heath.

W. BENHAM.

## THE MISTLETOE.

MOST of us can probably remember an old-fashioned song entitled *The Mistletoe Bough*, sung to us first and last in the nursery with all a nurse-maid's tendency to gloat over a tale of woe like that of young Lovell and his lost bride. It was adapted (apparently from an Italian story, as so many of our old stories were) to English popular taste by a passing allusion to Christmas festivities, with the addition of the somewhat superfluous and irrelevant refrain, "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!" But in the poet Rogers's rendering the unfortunate young lady is Ginevra of the Orsini, and the scene of the calamity is Modena; and in this pretty poem there is, *bien entendu*, no mention of the mistletoe bough, though by a certain fatality we have, in the old song, this curious parasite once more connected with that mystery of love and death with which in the most recondite traces of its early mention we find it inseparably involved.

To be told that the mistletoe has been of old sacred to love will surprise no one who remembers the purpose for which it is suspended in our halls and kitchens, one of the yule-tyde ceremonies, an annual concession made by decorum to love, and honoured in the observance by no less virtuous a person than the immortal Mr. Pickwick himself. We see this custom in its present aspect as one long unquestioned and proper to Christmas, (or improper, if fastidiousness so prefers to call it); but when we wake up and begin to ask whence it arose, we are led to indications of a no less than primeval antiquity; while on the transitional period, that is, the period between its origin and our beginning to question that origin, there is, as is usual with such questionings, no light shed.

It has certainly been regarded of old as a custom of much importance, for it used to be said that the maid who was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married that year; and we can only refer its being mixed up with matrimonial considerations to the fact of the plant being sacred to the Venus of Scandinavia,

"Freya, from whom flows every bliss,  
The winning smile, the melting kiss."

The antiquary Brand tells us also that when it was expelled from the churches with a true Christian abhorrence for its heathenish character, "it had a place assigned it in kitchens, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her and plucking off a berry at each kiss."

Freya, however, united in herself the attributes of Venus and of Ceres-Proserpine, and if she represented the Venus Genitrix, distinguished as such by her own peculiar ornament, a necklace of most brilliant stones—

"Strung by the hand of young Desire,  
And bright with Love's own blessed fire,"

she no less impersonated the great Earth-Mother, beneath whose footsteps plenty sprang. Wherever she trod flowers bloomed and crops flourished, as in Egypt beneath the gigantic footprint of the great sickle-bearer, Perseus. She held in herself the whole being of the Magna Mater, recognised in the east sometimes as Venus, elsewhere as Ceres or Proserpine. For between these two, the mother and daughter, there was no real distinction, but Proserpine, in her six months' retention in Hades, imaged the dormant powers of nature, fructifying

in darkness beneath the soil in the wintry half of the year; while in the other six, in which it was permitted to her to shed brightness on the earth and rejoice herself in its sunshine and gladness, she represented the summer season, when the earth became green again with shoots, ultimately ripening into harvest fruits.

Still Proserpine, as Proserpine, was distinctly queen of the dead; and Proserpine was worshipped in Britain, but this is supposed to have been before Hu Gadarn (Hu the Mighty) the British Priest-God, traversed the misty sea, and brought to the British the Druidic (or magian) religion when they were plunged in Polytheism. In any case, the Druids worshipped the sun and moon (their religion having in most respects a strong relationship with the secret forms of worship in the east), and there is no distinction really between this and the worship of the *Magna Mater*. In Babylon the sun and moon were Baal and Mylitta, and Mylitta was, with the Phœnicians, Astarte, goddess of love; and also Urania, as goddess of the heavens and of spiritual and holy love; and in Cyprus, where the Greeks and Phœnicians met on common ground, Astarte was accepted by the Greeks as Aphrodite, for love being ubiquitous and universal, these two races anciently occupying Cyprus could worship one goddess in common.

Even to this day, Cesnola tells us, Greek maidens burn candles in an ancient Phœnician megalithic monument or tomb, in honour of the Panagia, or All Holy Queen, known to them as the Virgin Mary.

It was possibly with some reference to a connection of Freya with Astarte that the Druids were so particular about gathering the mistletoe at the new moon.

But to Proserpine, in the shades below, the mistletoe was sacred, and not to Venus-Aphrodite, to whom belonged the emblems of love—the myrtle, the rose, and the apple; and as symbols of fruitfulness, the poppy,

the dove, and the sparrow. Her doves, indeed, guided Æneas to the tree whereon grew the golden bough different from the tree itself, sacred to the "*Infernal Juno*," i.e. Proserpine, which "*auricomus fetus*" he must pluck and carry as an offering to Proserpine, as the only condition on which he could visit the realms below.

The Druids esteemed it above all as a specific for fecundity, and, to connect it still more closely with Proserpine, it does not seem improbable that it was used in the rites of sepulture; for in a coffin found in a tumulus at Gristhorpe, near Scarborough, containing a skeleton six feet in height, was discovered a substance resembling decomposed rushes, which, when expanded by a steepening process, presented to view the long lanceolate leaf of the mistletoe; from which it is not unreasonable to conclude that the chieftain of the tribe of the Brigantes, who presumably occupied that coffin, was carrying with him that propitiatory offering to the realm of the pale queen,—a corresponding action to that of Æneas.

And in further elucidation of this plan of importing the mistletoe-bough to the nether world, we may mention that to this day the peasants of Holstein and of some other countries, call the mistletoe *Marentaken*, i.e. branch of spectres, or spectre wand, a name arising from the supposition that, by holding a branch of it in the hand, a man will not only be enabled to see ghosts but also to force them to speak to him, in which case it would be a very important *vade mecum* for any person desirous on leaving this world of re-joining his departed friends already

" — gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore."

The history, if such it may be called, of Freya herself, affords a further striking illustration of the way in which the mistletoe bough was inextricably mixed up with love and death. She, the queen of all love, to whom this very plant was consecrated, yet failed, in spite of every



effort divine and human which devoted affection could suggest, to prevent its being the instrument of death to Balder, that brother beloved. The story of Balder's death—than which there is none, ancient or modern, more beautiful or pathetic—has been put before us by modern poets, and needs no recapitulation. Longfellow and Arnold have sung of it most sweetly, and Morris has devoted here and there many a beautiful line to the expected return, the days yet to come, of Balder the Bright.

"All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm:  
Even the plants and stones,  
All save the Mistletoe,  
The sacred Mistletoe!"

For Freya, who had taken this infinite trouble to secure his safety when danger had threatened him in a dream—a dream in which Hela, queen of death, appeared to him and invited him to pass the next night with her—Freya had somehow overlooked the mistletoe. Whether by its being of small growth, or its position as a parasite, not growing on the ground as others, or because of its belonging to herself, she omitted it; and Lok the spirit of evil, profiting by this one loop-hole, made use of it to destroy from among them him who was the beloved individualisation of good.

In such fair, such elevated guise, does Balder, in his life and his promised return to establish new heavens and earth, stand forth from amid the monstrosities of Thor-worship and so forth, that the Christian missionaries who had to wrestle with those enormities failed not to accept him as an almost perfect type of Him who perished by the wood of a tree, the just for the unjust. The mistletoe was sacred of old with the Persians, and the Massagete, and the reverence paid to it by the Druids was something very special, and exceeding that paid to other objects of religious importance; for, as Pliny tell us, "The Druids hold nothing more sacred than the mistletoe,

provided it be on an oak. They look upon it as a certain sign that their god hath made choice of that tree for himself. But it is a thing very rare to be met withal (that is *on the oak*, and so it is now); and when it is found they resort to it with great devotion." They deified the mistletoe, and might only approach it in the most devout and reverential manner. When the end of the year approached they marched with great solemnity to gather the mistletoe of the oak in order to present it to Jupiter, inviting all the world to assist at the ceremony, with the words, "The new year is at hand, gather the mistletoe!" This Borlase tells us; and Picard says that in Burgundy the country people on the first day of the year salute one another with the words, "Au Guy, l'an neuf (*Ad Viscum annus novus*)!" *Guy* or *gue* being the Celtic name still retained for the mistletoe in French: whilst in the upper parts of Germany, where heathen customs abound, the common people, according to Keyser, about Christmas-time, run about the villages striking doors and windows with hammers, and shouting, "Gut hyl, gut hyl!" words which are plainly equivalent to the Druidical name of the mistletoe used by Pliny when he calls it *omnia sanans*, All-Heal. For indeed there is hardly anything which it has not been said to cure. In Brittany, where it is now become "*l'Herbe de la Croix*" (*louzaouen ar groaz*), it is considered to heal fever, and to give strength for wrestling. Bacon says the mistletoe upon oaks is counted very medicinal, and the Druids considered it a remedy against all kinds of poisons, and a sovereign remedy against vermin.

The inhabitants of Elgin and Moray, says the Rev. Mr. Shaw, are accustomed to cut withes of the mistletoe and make circles of them to keep throughout the year, pretending therewith to cure hectics and other troubles. "Dayly experience," quoth the old herbalist Johnson (1633), "shewes this plant to have no maligne nor poisonous,

but rather a contrarie facultie, being frequently used in medicines against the epilepsie. The leaves and berries of mistletoe are hot and dry, and of subtile parts; the bird-lime is hot and biting, and consists of an airy and waterie substance, with some earthly qualitie; for, according to the judgment of Galen, his acrimony overcommeth his bitterness; for if it be used in outward applications, it draweth humours from the deepest parts of the body, spreading and dispersing them abroad, and digesting them. It ripeneth hard swellings behind the ears, and other impostumes, being tempered with rosin and a little qualitie of wax. . . . It hath been most credibly reported unto me, that a few of the berries of the mistletoe bruised and strained into oyle and drunken, hath presently and forthwith rid a grievous and sore stitch."

The people of Holstein regard it, especially if found on an oak, as a panacea for green wounds, and a sure charm to secure success in hunting.

Here is enough to justify its name of *omnia sanans*, and Pliny, after detailing the properties attributed to it, and the pomp and ceremony of white vestments and golden sickle attending its solemn gathering by the Arch-Druid, winds up with all a Roman's contempt for, and horror of, Druidism in these words: "So vain and superstitious are many nations in the world, and oftentimes in such frivolous and foolish things as these!" And yet Pliny, perhaps, took a rather superficial view. At any rate we, who are heirs of all the ages, can look back with a more general, as we possess a larger, survey of the whole sea of time.

The gathering of the mistletoe in Britain was tarnished by all the horrors of human sacrifice which had to be put down by the Romans with strong hand and a violent antagonism: but we can find Druidical rites and observances in most remote antiquity, in the primæval religion of races, tending ever westward from the far east;

the material symbol losing, in its passage through races and through time, its primitive purity of meaning, and invariably degenerating into an object of blinded and corrupt idolatry; the plaything of the worst of human passions, in substitution for its once high position as the exponent of the best of moral feelings. There was nothing holier than oaks and groves in the days of Abraham and the Patriarchs; such and such only were their temples, not built with hands, where they met to worship and commune with the Deity. These natural sanctuaries only ceased to be held sacred when the heathen had invaded and corrupted them, and when the only chance of salvation that remained for Israel was that they should worship in one divinely appointed place and no other, divinely marked by one only symbol, the Cherubin, which by their four-fold form and dual number could not be construed into an idol. But the oak never lost its reputation for sanctity, and was held sacred to Jove; and it is curious to find how long it retained its pre-eminence in Britain.

The author of *Magna Britannia*, in his "Account of the Hundred of Croyland," describes a great wood belonging to the archbishops, said to have consisted wholly of oaks; and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut down for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks hath long been considered fatal, and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who, having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly; and his eldest son, the Lord

Maidstone, was presently killed by a cannon-ball. It is rather curious, too, that certain English oaks have been named "Gospel" trees and "Apostles."

The Greeks had a custom, long retained by the Athenians, of carrying each new year to their neighbours' houses an olive branch, "the dove's branch," just as we find the mistletoe carried from house to house at the same season by the Celts of Armorica and Great Britain. It was beyond doubt an allusion to that glaucous branch which was a pledge of resurrection to Noah from his symbolical grave, the *ramus felicitis olivæ*; and admitting this we can see clearly why "righteous branch" should be a name of the great Healer of all ills, in whom culminate the purity and pathos of the sublime mystery of love and death.

Stukely says "the Druids laid the mistletoe on their altars, an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah." Some such meaning, before which the gem-bedecked Freya may shrink humbly within the material limits of her earthly paradise, may possibly have been dimly underlying the smoke of their sacrifice; but for us the atmosphere is clear. Christmas is with us once more, and the mistletoe; and love and death have

again taken up their places conspicuously by our fireside, those otherwise vacant places!

Let us apply ourselves once more to the task of greeting Christmas kindly, remembering that for those who have been scarred and wounded in the past year's battles, there is still one circumstance which makes Christmas festivities endurable, without which they would not be even possible; and that is, that we have the children with us.

In reverence for their blissful ignorance, a veil is drawn over all that, till fate has forced it upon them, they have no need to know; and the very fact of walking with this veil drawn, and acting the part of a perfect sympathy with their childish glee, brings with it a reality of warmth and refreshment which has served again and again to re-invigorate the world and its toilers; whilst behind it all lies a sure and certain prospect which the dwellers in a royal palace and the inmates of the lowliest cottage alike may lay to heart. For, says Love,

"The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
But I shall reign for ever over all."

E. A. M. L.

"SUBSCRIPTION." <sup>1</sup>

It is with some hesitation that I enter on a subject which I thought I had fully despatched some fifteen years ago. But it has occurred to me that, looking at some of the observations which have been made on subscription during the last six months, it might be desirable to remove the whole question from the somewhat personal and controversial aspect under which it has presented itself, and to carry it back to a wider ground, which will at once serve as an illustration and as an argument for the course which commended itself at the time of which I spoke.

It is right to say that in what follows I do not touch on the question how far it is right or expedient for the Church to control the opinions of its individual members. That is a matter for the authorities to determine in each particular instance. The Duke of Argyll made some pertinent remarks on this subject a few months ago in speaking of the Church of Scotland.

But the question of subscription is much more simple. It is an expedient that could hardly be adopted in other matters. No one promises beforehand to obey the statutes of the realm. When they are put in force against him, he feels bound to obey or to resist, as the case may be; but his conscience is not entangled by any preliminary declaration of his adherence to them. No one subscribes beforehand to the contents of the Bible, or to the excellence of the versions of King James or of the University Printing Presses. It is enough that we accept them for their intrinsic merit. In this respect I have always agreed with Bishop Burnet: "Churches and societies are much better secured by laws than by subscription. It is a much more reasonable as a more easy mode of government."

The proposition which I maintain

<sup>1</sup> Address read at Sion College, Dec. 7, 1880.

is that subscription to any document is always misleading, always futile; and that it has been proved to be so, on the most colossal scale, by the historical precedent to which I am now about to refer. This was to a great extent remedied some fourteen years ago; but if it needs to be remedied yet further, that remedy should be at once applied.

In the year 1841 there took place the greatest uprising against the letter of the Anglican formularies that has ever been known before or since. In that year there appeared a celebrated tract which gave expression to a large amount of feeling prevailing at that time amongst the clergy of the Church of England, in which the Thirty-nine Articles were, as it were, taken to pieces, and one by one dissected and disembowelled before the eyes of an astonished public. The belief down to that time had been that, whatever else the Articles might be, they were a declaration unmistakable against the Church of Rome. They were the declaration which in the great struggle of the Reformation the Church of England, like the other Protestant Churches, adopted as a means of expressing its own deliberate conviction. They partook of the same character as all the Protestant Confessions, except that, so far as the Protestant Churches were divided into two sections, the Confession of Augsburg and the Scandinavian Confessions represented the Lutheran, the Helvetic Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Westminster Confession, and the Thirty-nine Articles represented the Reformed. It was therefore a reasonable conviction that in this document, if in any, was to be found a safeguard against the principles of the Church of Rome. A few of the Articles, such as those from Article I to Article V, were directed against the ancient heresies of the early centuries; a few

others, such as part of Articles XXXVII, XXXVIII, and XXXIX, were directed against the revolutionary tendencies of the extreme Anabaptists; but the remaining thirty were devoted to the setting forth of what were believed to be the points on which the Protestant Churches had, with much labour and pain, broken free from the great Church of the West. This was the bulwark which was supposed to be contained in the Articles; and it was securely fenced in, as it was thought, by a series of subscriptions which prevented at every point the intrusion of the opposite opinion. There was first a subscription from all undergraduates of Oxford above the age of twelve years, which was expressed by signature without any precise form of words. There was further added in 1603 a subscription to the Royal Supremacy, to the Book of Common Prayer, and to the Thirty-nine Articles, expressed in these words:—

"I do willingly and from my heart subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland, and to the three articles of the 36th canon, and to all things that are contained in them."

The three articles of the canon were as follows:—

"1. That the Queen's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other Her Highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things for causes as temporal; and that no foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within Her Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries. 2. That the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God; and that it may lawfully so be used; and that I myself will use the form in the said book prescribed in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, and none other. 3. That I allow the Book of Articles of Religion, agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden at London in the year of our Lord 1562; and that I acknowledge all and every the articles therein contained, being in number thirty-nine, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God."

There was also the subscription enjoined by the Act 13 Eliz. c. 12, sec. 5, in 1571, that the minister should

"Declare his assent and subscribe to all the Articles of Religion, which only concern the confession of the true faith and the doctrine of the sacraments;"

and further, that

"No person shall hereafter be admitted to any benefice with cure except he . . . shall first have subscribed the said articles in presence of the Ordinary, and publicly read the same in the parish church of that benefice, with declaration of his unfeigned assent to the same."

There was also in 1661, for the beneficed clergy, this assent to the Prayer Book contained in these words:

"I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book intitled The Book of Common Prayer."

When, therefore, the whole of this machinery as regards the Articles was found to have suddenly broken down; when all these subscriptions utterly failed of their purpose; when Article VI was held to affirm that the Books of Scripture are not the rule of faith; when Article XI says that justification is by faith only, and we were told that Baptism and works justify as well as faith; when Article XII says that works done before justification have the nature of sin, and we were told on the other hand that such works dispose men to receive the grace of justification; when Article XVI says that not every sin after baptism is unpardonable, and when it was asserted that every sin after Baptism is unpardonable; when Article XX speaks of the visible Church, and says nothing of Episcopal succession, and when on the other hand we were told that Episcopal succession is essential; when Article XXI says that General Councils may err, and on the other hand we were told that General Councils must be distinguished from Ecumenical Councils which never err; when in Article XXII, the "Romish" doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Relics, Invocation of Saints is condemned, and we were told that by this is not meant the Roman doctrine;



when, in Article XXV, the Sacraments are confined to two, and we were told that there was no reason why we should not have seven; when in Article XXVIII, Transubstantiation is said to be repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and we were told on the other hand that Transubstantiation is a theory which the Article does not touch; when, in Article XXXI, the sacrifices of Masses are said to be blasphemous fables, and we were told that the Sacrifice of the Mass is quite true; when, in Article XXIII, there is an assertion that the marriage of the clergy is permissible, and we are told that even the most determined advocates of the celibacy of the clergy admit the fact; when Article XXX asserts that "the second Book of Homilies contains godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times," and we were told that there was no subscription to the Homilies, and that it was never intended that we should submit to such a yoke of bondage; when all these, and many more, were explained or denied in a manner which the majority of the English people, and the mass of the English clergy, believed to be entirely at variance with the intention of the Reformers who compiled them, and with the wording of the Articles themselves, it was with a feeling of something like dismay that this breach was effected in the safeguards which subscription to the Articles had provided. The first publication of Tract XC provoked a sharp and bitter controversy. Many of those who had formerly sympathised with its illustrious author fell away from their allegiance to him. Some of those who on other grounds had long before this time advocated the relaxation of the enormous burden of subscription were startled and confounded, especially when they found that the liberty sought for was not to be attained by open legal methods, but by crooked and subtilizing explanations. Nevertheless the respect due to the personal character and lofty genius of Cardinal Newman withheld the early opponents of Tract XC from

pursuing their victory beyond the point of a censure pronounced by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford.

As time, however, went on, and more and more use was made of this liberty, the opposition became in proportion more intense. In 1844 the explanation of the Articles offered by Tract XC was taken up in a bolder and more defiant strain by one who, although his name is forgotten by the present generation, and is never once mentioned in the interesting account of these times by Cardinal Newman, was yet, as the memory of any one who goes back to that period will testify, the most energetic and active in influence of all the persons connected with the Oxford movement in that stage of its existence. Mr. Ward, in his *Ideal of the Christian Church*, and in a pamphlet which immediately preceded it, set forth, with a directness and a perspicuity which is beyond the possibility of mistake, the repeated claim to hold every Roman doctrine compatibly with the signature of the Thirty-nine Articles. He did not, indeed, go a step beyond what Tract XC had claimed as the legitimate boundary of belief, but he stated the doctrine in a more popular and more intelligible shape, and gave currency to the expression of a "non-natural sense." All this, combined with the increasing alarm and apprehension which the movement had created in all classes of the community, resulted in the greatest explosion of theological apprehension and animosity which has been witnessed within this century.

The whole point turned, it will be observed, on the question of the lawfulness of thus escaping from the subscriptions which the clergy and the graduates had taken. The machinery set on foot by the Oxford authorities, who at that time acted with the virtual authority of the Church itself, was of the most decisive kind. It first of all set forth a test by which it was hoped that the Articles must for the future be accepted, not according to the subtle explanations of the nineteenth century, but according to the rigid definitions

of the sixteenth. It laid down that, whenever subscribed within the University of Oxford, they must be accepted in that sense in which they had been originally uttered.

A second class of machinery consisted of the terrible decrees pronounced against the author himself. First, that he should be censured for this deviation from the subscriptions he had taken; and, secondly, that if found guilty he should be deprived of all his degrees and reduced to the state of an undergraduate.

The third piece of artillery that was brought to bear was a revival of the attack on the spring of this dissolving tendency, and was aimed against Tract XC itself.

Upon the announcement of this vast strategy there arose a protest against it from a section of the clergy and the community which, though from the time of Lord Falkland it had existed in the bosom of the English Church, has been in the habit of keeping itself to itself, and of not embroiling the acrimonious controversies by which it has been surrounded. "It is suggested," so I read in a letter dated 1847, "that the new party which is, or which wants to be formed is not the High Church or the Low Church, but the Broad Church." But on this occasion it was thoroughly roused. The attempt to define subscription by a reference to the original intention of the framers, however reasonable, however just it may appear as a matter of history and of logic, met with the most determined opposition from this quarter.

One who has since been raised to the highest post of the English Church, and who has united in that position the liberality and firmness of mind which he showed on this occasion, generously put aside his former objections to the celebrated tract, and issued a powerful and convincing protest against extending the censure to Tract XC any further than the immediate purpose of pronouncing the position untenable, and against drawing from the natural antipathy to its circumlocutions a legal and ecclesiastical instrument for abridging

the liberties of the whole Church. Mr. Maurice, forgiving all the obloquy with which he had been loaded by the High Church party, came forward at the same time to vindicate the latitude which Tract XC and the *Ideal of the Christian Church* demanded. Professor Donkin—the most serene and unimpassioned intellect of that troublous time, and who was foremost in the Liberal ranks—wrote a short and trenchant pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Hull, the venerable opponent of the Athanasian Creed, became the champion of the endangered party. Two younger members of the Liberal school, who have since risen to high positions in the University and the Church, were ceaselessly employed during the whole of the winter preceding the final attack in endeavouring to avert it. They drew up and they obtained a legal opinion which was submitted to a distinguished lawyer, now Lord Chancellor of England, and by a minute comparison of them with the changes introduced into their substance in the reign of Charles the Second, they maintained the illegality of the new test.

The Hebdomadal Board quailed before an attack which was fired upon them from both sides, and they withdrew the first branch of their attack. On the very day on which the legal opinion to which I have referred became known, the new test was withdrawn.

The second branch of attack was also vehemently resisted by almost the whole of the Liberal section of the Church. If some few amongst them voted for the censure, the great majority voted against applying it to the person of the individual. It was, however, carried amidst furious tumult, and amidst excitement that involved the whole university, from the youngest undergraduate to the topmost dignitary, with cries and counter cries of passion from all shades of what has since been the obstructive party of the Church of England.

But the third measure, containing the attack on Tract XC, was sus

pended for the moment by the courageous and magnanimous conduct of the two proctors, who rose in their places and placed upon the measure that constitutional veto which the university allows. On this step, a large declaration of support, signed by all the members who have since become famous in the liberal ranks of the Church of England, was drawn up, in order to strengthen the hands of the proctors, and to prevent the measure being brought forward when they went out of office. The contest had reached a white heat. The weapons of both parties were drawn, when suddenly the Oxford movement collapsed. This is not the place to describe the reason for so singular and total a defeat. The triumph over Mr. Ward and his adherents was absolute and final, but it had no connection with the subscription to the Article, or the "non-natural sense."

Two remarks are inevitable at this point. The first is that it was not the violation, real or supposed, of the engagements into which they had entered by their subscriptions, that drove the distinguished heads of the secession from the Church of England. In Cardinal Newman's case we have his own express declaration that the great moving causes of his secession were the foundation of the bishopric at Jerusalem, and the discovery, in studying the Fathers of the fifth century, that the position of the Church of England might be considered as analogous to that of the Monophysites. Other reasons, no doubt, moral, artistic, theological, may have had their weight in producing that step; but it was not any compunction at having strained the historical sense of the Thirty-nine Articles beyond endurance.

The other remark is this. Cardinal Newman has stated with all his eloquence, with an eloquence which continued even to that memorable day when he received the invitation from the Supreme Pontiff to accept the cardinal's hat, that he was one of those who from the first had "fierce thoughts against the Liberal school ;"

he was one of those "who kept it at bay in Oxford for many years;" and he adds: "The men who have driven me from Oxford were distinctly Liberals. It was they who had opened the attack on Tract XC, and it was they who would gain a second benefit if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church." In his statement of his fierce opposition to the Liberal school he is, no doubt, perfectly correct. Politically, ecclesiastically, theologically, he maintained an internecine opposition to them. It will be seen from what I have said, that he is not equally correct in stating that the Liberals were the men who drove him from the Anglican Church. He might have retired under any circumstances, but the blows which were intended by the Oxford decrees to have made it impossible for him to retain his position were warded off, I will not say entirely, but in a very large measure, by the self-denying efforts of the Liberal party.

I have not yet finished my history. Many years elapsed, and Tract XC, which had provoked so tremendous a disturbance of the theological mind, which had broken through the very innermost drawbridge and portecullis, as it was thought, of the Church of England, and which had played so conspicuous a part in the crisis of the fate of the party, was again brought to the front in 1866. On that occasion it was republished with approval in Oxford by a high dignitary, whose name, in his advanced old age, wins a respect even from his opponents. He said, "That work which Tract XC effected will never be undone so long as the Articles shall last." There was not a word of remonstrance from any quarter whatever. The heads of houses were silent. The bishops were silent. The leading journals, which so fiercely and vigorously supported the coercive measures of 1845, spoke of the outcry on that occasion as ludicrously exaggerated and one-sided. The leading periodical of the High Church party announced that "What was condemned in a panic of ignorance

in 1841 is accepted and allowed to be entirely tenable in 1865."

"One is tempted to ask with wonder," the reviewer continues, "how it is that men ever have placed such implicit belief in the Articles? . . . No other answer can be given than that they have been neglected and ignored. . . . It is impossible to deny that they contain statements, or assertions, that are verbally false, and others that are very difficult to reconcile with truth. . . . What service have they ever done, and of what use are they at the present time! . . . We boldly proclaim our opinion, that (before the desired consummation can take place) the Thirty-nine Articles must be wholly withdrawn. They are virtually withdrawn at the present moment, for it is proved that, as far as the most important of the Articles are concerned, there are persons who signed them in senses absolutely contradictory."

Such is the result of the most direct example ever produced of the failure of subscription to induce even a tolerable uniformity of consent to the Articles of the Church of England. It was truly said in 1840 that any of the extreme heretics that we choose to name could have signed the first five Articles with the same fidelity as the claim was made for the whole High Church party to accept all the Articles from the sixth to the thirty-seventh. That such a conclusion should have been arrived at is, of course, perfectly conclusive for all parties within the Church of England. No declaration of assent which can ever be made can be more stringent than that which existed at the time of Tract XC, and of the *Ideal of the Christian Church*. No deviation from the letter of the Articles can ever be more complete than that which was claimed, and which has since triumphed. That extraordinary and exceptional liberty which the High Church party now enjoys from its pledges to accept the Articles was won for them by the unflinching, energetic support of the Liberal clergy of the Church of England, gradually working through good report and evil to that result.

I will now proceed to state some arguments why on the one hand we may regard this result with satisfac-

tion, and on the other hand why we trust it will not lead to any dangerous results.

First, the motives, as I have stated, which induced so many intelligent and conscientious men to secede from the Church of England to the Church of Rome at that time were not, except in very few instances, the result of their deviation from the terms of their subscription. It was the power of a countervailing attraction in a powerful body outside, which may be thought unreasonable, but which every one who has had any experience knows to be absolutely irresistible when once it has taken possession of the mind. What I have said with regard to this attraction towards the Church of Rome is equally true as regards the attractions which may exist in other directions. These attractions may be towards Dissent or towards Positivism, towards spiritual independence, or towards democratic tendencies; but these, and not divergence from this or that formula, are the real ground of their departure. Honour their motives—let them go if they will, but do not make their departure a measure for the consciences of other men. The conscience of each individual must be left to stand by itself, and if a man, however much he may admire the Roman system, or however much he may introduce into the English worship elements, as we may think, inconsistent with it, yet still maintains that in the English system he can work faithfully, honestly, and zealously—then there is no reason before God or man why he should retire from it. The Prayer-Book, the august and venerable document which, from Edward VI. to Queen Victoria, has won the affections of the English people; the Articles, which in spite of the disparaging remarks thrown upon them, are the firm and moderate expression of the Protestant side of the Church of England—these have claims on the attention of every one who has a heart to feel, and a mind to think. At the time of those vehement dissensions in the Church of England in 1844 a young man wrote

a pamphlet urging toleration of these opinions within the bosom of the same church, and one quotation which he used has remained fixed in my mind: "The divergences of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which hitherto seemed quite impossible to unite within the same communion,

"*'Volvenda dies en attulit ultro.'*"

Secondly, what has been the cause of this great change between the furious opposition to Tract XC in 1841-5, and its complete acceptance in 1866? Many causes, no doubt, have contributed, but the chief cause is this. It is not that the evils of the Papacy have diminished—on the contrary they have become more glaring and more dangerous. But we have gradually arrived at a different view of the purposes which these documents serve in our day from that entertained at their first introduction. At their first introduction—and what I am saying applies to all confessions of faith whatsoever at the time of their introduction—a fond belief prevailed that dogmatical words have but one sense which, like Ithuriel's spear, will at a touch cause opposing error to be revealed in its proper deformity. We have now learned by slow experience that this is not the case. No doubt it is our duty to purge as far as we can our various formulas from points which have become dead, unprofitable, and palpably erroneous in the course of time. But for a large part of them this is not the case. The Homeric maxim, which Matthew Arnold quotes, goes very far to solve these difficulties, *ἑπὶ ὧν νόμος ἔσθαι καὶ ἔνθα*. "Words have a great force this way and that way."

The explanations in Tract XC unhistorical, untenable, even disingenuous, as they may at first sight appear, yet when viewed in a larger light show how curiously even what appeared to be the most exact phraseology breaks down under the endeavour to enforce it. Tract XC and the *Ideal of the Christian Church* were attempts to explain away the documents by the

force of circumstances and context, by taking the grammatical bearing of words apart from their sense. This in itself was a conspicuous failure. But as a wave in that larger movement which would sweep away all such subscriptions, and return to the state of things before the Reformation, when no preliminary subscriptions were required from any one, it must take an important place.

This larger end at last forced itself on the legislature. That elaborate system of subscription which I have described, double, triple, quadruple, was at last felt by the rulers alike of the State and of the Church, as it had been felt by weak or by enlightened consciences before, to be absolutely unendurable. So long as it existed, excuses and explanations of all kinds were added to justify it; and those who were acquiescent in it naturally availed themselves of these explanations as the general sense of the Church. But the time came when this artificial system was attacked in an open straightforward manner, and then the whole fabric came down with a crash.

Convocation, indeed, then as always the stronghold of the fantastical, fanatical objections to every liberal measure, withstood to the last, and, on the very eve of the change, declared that no relaxations were needed. But the voice of common sense and common charity made itself heard through the Royal Commission in the Houses of Parliament, and at one stroke the elaborate subscriptions which had vexed the righteous souls of so many generations, were swept away. Then, and not till then, when Convocation found that it could else have no part in this beneficent change, it rushed in, as it always does, to claim its honour. The few Liberal members of that singular body, who had been as those crying in the wilderness, found themselves borne on the crest of the wave, and the subscriptions of 1562, of 1571, of 1603, and of 1661 fell like a house of cards before the Act of 1865.

In that Act of Parliament, framed in



contradiction to Convocation, and carried irrespectively of its late adhesion, every single particularity of phrase by which our forefathers had so laboriously attempted to bind up the consciences of posterity is totally abandoned. We no longer express our "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." That form which succeeded in its iniquitous purpose of driving out the conscientious men who became the fathers of English Dissent, is no longer pronounced by any English clergyman. The declaration of "assent to all and every of the Thirty-nine Articles, and to everything therein contained, as agreeable to the word of God," is now totally abolished. The substitution of assent to the doctrine (not doctrines) of the Church as contained in both the formularies, was expressly asserted, without contradiction, by the Royal Commissioners in Parliament to have been made in order that it might be understood that it was to the general teaching, and not every part and parcel of that teaching, that assent was given. The question of how much or how little latitude should still be required of the clergy of the Church, or of members of the Church, who by frequenting the Church express their general approval, is open to much discussion; but it is a discussion which must be maintained within the limits which each man will prescribe to himself, and which the present form of modified subscription in no way touches. "I assent to the XXXIX Articles, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and of the ordaining of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland as therein set forth to be agreeable to the word of God, and in public prayer and administration of the sacraments. I will use the form in the said Book printed, and none other, except so far as will be added by lawful authority."

It has been said by one whom we all honour and respect for his character and abilities, that "he could not

understand a clergyman standing up to teach others without first asking definitely what he was going to teach. Before such a Church he could see no other prospect than vagueness, irresoluteness, inanity, decay: the motive power was gone, the bond of cohesion was snapped." He spoke of the dreadful dangers which awaited the abolition of subscription. It may be so. But it must be remembered that this exactly describes the Church of England as it has existed since the year 1865. Since that time, as far as the law of the Church is concerned, there is, if these forebodings be true, nothing but "vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay," because a clergyman is no longer summoned, as he was before 1865, to declare "definitely what he will teach and what he will say." Before 1865 this was certainly requisite. Every young clergyman was required then to declare definitely what he would teach and what he would say on the 600 or more propositions in the XXXIX Articles, or the 600 or more allusions which occur in the Prayer-Book. Since 1865 it is certainly not required of any clergyman to speak out definitely on any one of these propositions in the Articles, or any one of these allusions in the Prayer-Book. He may hold them, but he is not demanded to pledge himself to them beforehand.

It may be observed also that this description applies equally to the whole period of the Latin Church down to the publication of the decrees of Pope Pius IV. Before that time, it might be said that "there was no bond of cohesion, because there was no definite subscription required, and therefore there was for the whole mediæval Church "nothing but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay." And further it applies especially to the Church of the three first centuries, which amidst all the doubts and all the heresies that existed had no bond at all beyond that contained in the baptismal formula, and no subscription whatever demanded of the clergy, nothing that called upon them "definitely to stand

up and say what they would teach." Of this state of things we might equally say that there was "no prospect before it but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay."

I have but one word more. It may be asked whether this remnant of subscription which is left is still worth keeping. My answer is that this depends simply on the question whether it keeps out a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry. I maintain seriously and solemnly that it is entirely unworthy of the Church to keep such a rag and tatter of a state of things which has been proved utterly indefensible. Will you allow me to enforce this by an illustration which I once made use of in the United States. When I was asked there what were the dangers which beset the Church, I answered that I saw but one permanent danger which affected all churches alike, and I illustrated it by a story from another sphere. When, in a banquet given to him by the chief statesmen of Italy, Mr. Gladstone addressed them in a powerful speech on the glories of their country, in that beautiful Italian tongue of which he is so complete a master, he suddenly exclaimed—"But there is an enemy in the midst of you." They started; they turned to each other; they whispered. "He means the Pope." But Mr. Gladstone was thinking of an enemy in the heart of the Italian kingdom, familiar to the mundane experiences in which his transcendent financial powers made him completely at home. He said, "His name is '*Deficit*.'" That is the danger for us. It is neither the Pope, nor critical inquiry. It is not the deficiency of wealth, not the deficiency of Church discipline, not the deficiency of sacraments, not the deficiency of Church services, but the deficiency of able, enlightened, conscientious men who will enter the service of the Church as in former days. I do not know what may be the case in this respect in detail. I know that in the great

university over which Bishop Lightfoot exercised so vast and salutary an influence, he did there bring into the service of the Church a supply of gifted and faithful pastors equal to what there may once have been. I know that in the other university this is not the case, and that the failure of gifted men to enter Holy Orders is one of the fixed, I will not say permanent, evils of the present aspect of affairs in Oxford. But it is evident that if, from whatever cause, this failure should continue and extend, then it is the duty of every one to inquire into the causes; and if of these causes one should be the small shred of subscription that remains, then every man who cares for the welfare of the Church, especially when the removal of the obstacle is in accordance with a principle already fully established, should spare no endeavour to abolish it. If, from that or any other cause, the decrease of gifted pastors should still continue, it is not difficult to prophesy that, in some form or other, the end of the better days of the Church of England is at hand. It will continue doubtless, but continue in a degraded, despised, imperfect condition, such as we have the opportunity of knowing from the example of the Church of France and Italy and Spain. That such may not be the case, that the Church may still continue to draw to itself the chosen men of the nation, is, I trust, not beyond the limits of hope, and not beyond the reasonable expectation of all who care for the future welfare of their country.

I do not wish to exaggerate on one side or the other the importance of this fragment of subscription. There would still remain the obstacle always placed in the way of over-scrupulous men from the existence of a fixed Liturgy. This is inevitable. The Presbyterian and some of the Nonconformist churches are in this respect more completely their own masters than ours. They have the prayers of the Church at least in their own hands. But there is a

great advantage in a Liturgical form, and of that advantage there is also the necessary disadvantage, that objections to particular phrases will always occur. There would still remain the possible though certainly the decreasing possibility of the authorities of the Church so applying the formularies as to oust this or that clergyman. This, however, is an incident of any form of Church government, to be found equally in conforming and nonconforming Churches, or rather more in nonconforming Churches. No member of the Society of Friends would be permitted to preach the necessity of sacraments. No Unitarian minister would be permitted to read the Athanasian Creed. No Congregational minister would be permitted to affirm the necessity of an Established Church or of the Episcopal succession. It is only in the National Church that such variations and their opposites could be permitted. The largeness of the Church involves the largest of sufferance. Legal prosecutions for doctrine, on either side, have become almost obsolete during the last twelve years.

It is therefore still to be considered whether there is any object in keeping up a form of subscription which, after the evicence of the old form, contains nothing of a safeguard and something of an offence.

There was a time when such questions were thought not unworthy of the heads of the Liberal party. In Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant book<sup>1</sup> on Fox's early life, there is given a vivid account of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the petition for the relaxation of subscription. "I cannot help saying," says a competent authority who was present, "that I never was so affected with, or so sensible of, the power of pious eloquence as while Sir George Savile was speaking. It was not only an honour to him, but to his age and country."

"Those giants of old," says Mr. Tre-

<sup>1</sup> Page 442.

velyan, "showed of what they were capable, when party feeling did not tempt them to pervert or exaggerate. The problem of the obligations of the clergy was stated and examined with a clearness and conciseness which seems to have been lost by some of our generation who choose that problem for their special study, and with a frankness which makes us proud to think what courageous fellows our great-grand-fathers were."<sup>2</sup>

The pathetic tone of the gifted author indicates that this Liberal enthusiasm has become extinct. In fact, it lasted almost till our own time; but it has since been dwindling gradually away, until it now seems impossible to revive a spark of generous warmth in its behalf in those who are occupied with the object, important and desirable as it is, of keeping together the Liberal party. Any one who knows the present state of affairs will perceive that the desire of elevating, enlarging, reforming, any existing institutions is not to be expected from the present leaders of perhaps either party. "Jerusalem does not come within the lines of their operations." But there are in the younger generation signs that this apathy will not last for ever; and meanwhile it is our duty to keep alive the hope that the enlarged usefulness of the Church of England, or the preservation of the enlargement which exists, may yet become a motto of the Liberal cause, an object more worthy of the Church of England than the legal and technical trivialities which absorb the mind of a large portion of its clergy. *Di meliora pias.*

A. P. STANLEY.

<sup>2</sup> Page 439. Mr. Trevelyan adds, "with thoroughness as exhaustive as was attainable by an assembly of men who had not yet advanced to the point of asking themselves whether it was necessary to have a privileged church at all." There is another turn to be given to this ingeniously anachronistic sentence. But it would lead us too far into another region.

## A ROYAL ZULU PROGRESS OVER BISHOPSTOWE.

Much has been written of late about the Zulus, and the name is familiar to every ear, yet little is really known of them in England; perhaps least of all by those who visit the Aquarium, and shake hands with the "friendly Zulus," or imagine that they have conversed with Cetshwayo's daughters. We have regarded them, as a nation, chiefly from an impersonal point of view, and the sympathy which has been accorded them has been paid to them as a people whom we regret to have ill-treated, and not from that fellow-feeling with creatures of like passions with our own, which could only arise from some acquaintance with their ideas and feelings.

The following account of the visit to Bishopstowe of Cetshwayo's brothers, who headed the embassy which came to beg their king's restoration from the Natal Government, may serve to create some interest in the Zulus individually, and to show that their sentiments are more akin to our own than we give them credit for.

It may be premised that, while awaiting an audience with the administrator of the Natal Government, the whole party of 200 Zulus resided at and round Bishopstowe, being partly entertained by the Bishop, and partly at their own expense. It is not customary for the Zulu princes of the blood royal to leave their own country, and the fact that Ndabuko and Shingana accompanied the embassy was in itself a proof of its importance.

A large house like Bishopstowe, with an upper story, not frequently seen, even in Natal, was, of course, a great curiosity in their eyes; and one day the younger prince, Shingana, and some of the chief men, were taken over it and shown its contents.

Getting up stairs was naturally a very solemn undertaking, involving long pauses at every step. The upper story, a low, light loft, with many windows, and terminating in one furnished room, is built chiefly of wood, and has a tendency to dance under the lightest footfall. Consequently, the heavy tread of some of the Prince's followers—very great men themselves in both senses of the word—shook the place considerably. At first they paused at every creak, but presently gathered confidence, and stepped freely enough to elicit a remonstrance from their chief of "Do take care! you can hear it crack!" and "Where should we all go to if it gave way?"

After admiring the prospect from their unusually lofty position, they were conducted to the room above-mentioned—not in use at the time, but full of pictures, furniture, looking-glasses, &c. These latter gained their first attention, and they greatly admired the full reflection of themselves, having probably never before seen a mirror larger than the little round glasses with metal backs usually sold to the natives, and in which no more than an eye can be viewed at a time. "How lovely it makes one's moustache<sup>1</sup> look!" said the happy possessor of that distinction.

Shingana, who is a lively individual, with plenty to say for himself, now turned to the pictures; a small photograph of Millais' *Black Brunswick* first attracting his notice. "Who are these two?" said he; "what are they doing? Why! they are going to kiss!" The subject of the picture being explained to him he turned to the others, saying, "Do you hear that? He is going to the wars! They are saying good-bye!"

<sup>1</sup> Not a frequent ornament amongst the natives.

She is holding him tight! She doesn't want him to go! Perhaps he'll come back. Poor little dear!" and he remained absorbed in thought before it, while the others inquired anxiously for the body belonging to a cast of the head of Clytie, which hung upon the wall. They presently entreated Shingana to come and look at an oil painting of a buffalo-hunt, but although he responded to their call, and gave a glance at the hunt, he immediately returned to the object of his sympathetic contemplation. Another picture from Mrs. Browning's poem *Onora*, and containing the ghost of "the nun with the brown rosarie," excited their curiosity greatly, and had to be explained to them as a dream, in order to avoid introducing them to the ghosts of the English. Various black chalk heads drawn upon yellow boards they decided to be *coolies* (natives of India) which was not a bad guess from the colour of the materials. Descending the staircase proved a more serious matter even than the ascent, and was performed with great deliberation, except by one of the party—by no means the *lightest*—who seeing one of the ladies of the house run down the stairs, took his courage in both hands, and did likewise, alighting however in safety, and, fortunately, not upon his conductress.

Upon the following day the party returned with the elder prince Ndabuko, who had been absent on the previous occasion, and was now anxious to see the wonders of which the others had spoken to him. This time Shingana acted as showman, and repeated to his brother all the information which he himself had received the day before. As soon as they got up stairs again he exclaimed, "Now! Come this way, and I'll show you the most beautiful thing here," and he told again the story of the lovers' parting before the battle, in a pathetic manner, and with his head on one side.

Being taken in due course to the dining-room the party were confronted

by a large print of *The Huguenots*, which they at once recognised as a kindred subject to the one they had so much admired up stairs. "Here, you see," said Shingana, "is another picture, like the one up there; this one is going to the wars too. At least he is called (summoned); but she! She won't let him go. See! she is trying to tie him! And he won't go, not he! Look at his face, how it's softening!" "You mistake, 'Ndabezita,' (your Highness) said one present, "he went—and he died." And a silence fell upon them all.

But the irrepressible Shingana was not silent long. "Here's another fine thing!" said he, dragging his brother away from a red earthen water-monkey with which he had rather fallen in love, and calling his attention to a large engraving of the *Trial of Queen Katherine*, in which bishops in sleeves and mitres are prominent objects. He had had it explained to him on the previous day, but had fallen into a slight anachronism, and it took some time to convince him that the picture did *not* represent the Prince of Wales endeavouring to get rid of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, but hindered in doing so by the *brothers of Sobantio* (the Bishop of Natal—*anglicè* "the father of his people"). The mistake was, however, thoroughly rectified before the subject was quitted. Meanwhile Ndabuko had returned to his water-monkey.

Now Ndabuko is a very dignified and rather silent personage, but that water-monkey proved too much for his dignity. "Is it yours?" he asked of one of the ladies; and then, "Will you give it to me?" in his most insinuating manner—and of course it became his own. This, however, was the only thing he asked for, and indeed, by common consent, the leaders of this embassy abstained at Bishopstowe from the usual native custom of asking for presents, and strictly prohibited it amongst their followers, having apparently a very proper feeling on the subject. On



one occasion, however, the party having walked into Pietermaritzburg to seek an interview with "Government," an invalid was left behind at Bishopstowe, who came up to the house to tell the mishap which had befallen him. When they started from Zululand it was asserted so vehemently on all sides that they were going to certain destruction that his "boy" (*i.e.* attendant) had made off, "run away home, with all my luggage and my knife and fork. I don't know what was the matter with the boy. I have never been so treated by my boys before, and now I have nothing to cut up my meat with." This disconsolate gentleman was a man of some importance, and, it having first been ascertained that his was the only boy who had behaved in this *unaccountable* manner, a knife and fork were presented to him. As a natural consequence, however, the same afternoon brought two requests for blankets from men who had lost their goods during the war. This began to look serious in view of, possibly, 200 similar requests, and no immediate answer was given. That

evening, however, on the return of the princes from their errand, messengers came from them at the village where they were living—on Bishopstowe land,—to the Bishop, to say that they were perfectly horrified—they found that the son of Masipula had actually been to ask for a knife! and others for blankets, forsooth! as if they had come down to enjoy themselves. They had come on much greater affairs than knives and forks and blankets, and they begged that in future all such applicants should be referred to them (the messengers, men in authority themselves), which was done in the solitary instance which occurred afterwards.

The courtesy and good behaviour of these Zulu chiefs and princes during their stay at Bishopstowe left nothing to be desired, and indeed there is almost as much difference between the manners of the upper and lower classes amongst the Zulus as there is amongst ourselves—a statement that is fairly borne out by all the accounts lately given to the public of the Zulu king himself.

FRANCES ELLEN COLENSO.

## CHRISTMAS AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

IN the deepest fiord of the beautiful Bocche di Cattaro, overhung by the rocky ridges of the Black Mountain, embowered in olive woods and pomegranate thickets, washed by the deep emerald waters of this winding Adriatic creek, lies the ancient town of Risano, now little more than a good-sized village, the market for the neighbouring highlands, but in Roman days a great city, a municipal Republic, Risinium or Rhizon, the namegiver of this whole inland sea, as Cattaro is now; and in days before the Roman conquest known in history as the last refuge and impregnable stronghold of Teuta, the Illyrian pirate queen. It was at this historic spot that I landed on Greek Christmas Eve last, to set forth on foot on an expedition into the neighbouring Alps where I wished to study the Yule rites, as they still exist in the primitive house communities of the Serbian highlanders.

At Risano itself everything was ready for the feasting to follow. The houses were decked out with olive branches, myrtle, box, rosemary, and bay, with which even the masts of the small craft moored along the quay were festooned. Yule logs, they too wreathed with festive evergreens, leaned against the house-walls, and the market place was still thronged with Crivoscian, Montenegrin, and Herzegovinian peasants from the neigh-

bouring mountains, concluding their Christmas purchases—small packets of groceries, bundles of evergreens such as flourish not on the bleak rocks above, and sundry suspicious-looking bottles which peeped out of the sacks wherewith their mules were laden; apples, oranges, and golden tinsel. The Risanotes themselves are extremely proud—and with reason—of the way in which they keep up the Christmas ceremonial of their fathers; but I hoped, by following some of these more simple folk to their highland hearths, to be a witness of something yet more primitive; and my hopes were destined to be more than gratified.

The first preparations for Christmas had really begun six Sundays before, and are interesting as throwing a good deal of light on the whole character of the feast. I will here describe them, as they are carried out in the mountain villages about Petrovatz in Bosnia. On the sixth Sunday before Christmas the "Poklade," or Carnival-day before the Christmas fast, every possible kind of meat dish is set on table. Supper ready, they take a morsel of each kind of food and a bit of bread for each member of the family, and set them out on the roof of the house. Evidently these morsels were originally set out as family offerings to the house spirits. The explanation, however, at present given is that they act as a charm against witches and uncanny spirits who fly about like sparks that night. In the same way they smear their faces, breasts, hands, and feet with fat or oil before turning in for the night, as a protection against the *Moras*; young girls, that is, who during sleep have the power of going forth as night-mares to suck sleepers.

<sup>1</sup> The name "Black Mountain" is used in this article in its old, natural meaning, as embracing, besides the actual Principality, the bordering Highlands of Crivoscia, which, though for the moment incorporated in the nondescript "Austrian" monarchy, belong to Montenegro by their physical position, race, language, history, and religion.

A great deal of meat is always eaten this evening, and the youths even get up in the night to finish their meal, which it is a religious duty to entirely demolish. Next day no one must eat, "or the spirits would shoot them with arrows." On the morning of this, the first day of the Christmas fast, every member of the family is very careful to rinse out his mouth with water, lest even a scrap of meat should stick to the teeth. The house-elder now looks out some animal—a pig, sheep, goat, or fowl—to be fed up for the Christmas feast during the whole time that the fast lasts. Rich and poor alike do this, even the poorest families buying a chicken if they have no stock of their own, as it would be a terrible misfortune not to be able, as they say, "to make the knife bloody for Christmas."<sup>1</sup> On "Tuchni dan"<sup>2</sup> or "slaughter-day," the third day before Christmas, the animal thus set apart is slaughtered by having its throat cut, is cleansed, and hung for Christmas morning.

A Pravoslav pope, from the small village of Knezlatz in the mountain canton of Crivoscia, hearing of my wish to see the Christmas customs of his mountains, kindly invited me to accompany him to his home, and accordingly on Christmas Eve we set out together on our upward climb, with a merry company of clansmen. Zig-zagging up the precipitous mountain-side above the town, Risano soon lay like a speck below us, and its long, sinuous Alpine sea, perhaps the most beautiful arm of the world-famed Bocche, looked just like a winding emerald-green river—sweeping in full stream through the broad mountain chasm, threading the narrower water-pass beyond, the *Catene*, once closed by

a Venetian chain, till, rounding the further mountain headlands, it broadened out into the open Adriatic beyond. To the old Greek mariners indeed this whole meandering firth of sea was known as the Rhizon river, more vaguely alluded to by the poet of the Argonauts as the "deep-pooled Illyrian stream."

Leaving the main path, and taking leave of our jovial company, we now struck off along a sheep's track up the rocky side of the ravine, to the pope's hut. The view from this point was splendid. Beyond the nearer ridges which overlook the Bocche, now lost to view, the snows of Lovchen, the topmost peak of the Black Mountain, had been kindled into a sea of flame by the setting sun. A gap in the rock ridge to the south-east revealed the lilac snow-strewn plateau of the Katunska Nahia of Montenegro. At the further end of the glen in which I now found myself rose the glorious peak of Orien, some 7,000 feet above sea level. My companion had been to the top, and reported that not only do you look down on Montenegro, Herzegovina, and the Dalmatian islands, but that on clear days the mountains of Italy are distinctly visible beyond the Adriatic. The glen itself runs through the very heart of Crivoscia—Austrian Montenegro, it might well be called, for the land and people are connected by every physical and historic bond with the rest of the Black Mountain. Its gloomy recesses were the scene of a fearful struggle during the successful uprising of these highlanders against the Austrian Government in 1869.

Arrived at the hut which was to shelter us for the festive night, I found it a small stone house, guiltless of mortar; it was oblong in shape, but the corners were rounded as if the race who built it and its fellows had once lived in round houses, and had never quite got out of their heads the old style of building. But what was truly astonishing was the immense

<sup>1</sup> "Da okrevari nož na Božić."

<sup>2</sup> On "Tuchni dan" debtors settle with their creditors. Those who cannot pay at least explain to their creditors why it is they are unable to satisfy them. This is done that all may be able to give each other the "kiss of peace" on any day between great and little Christmas.

size of the blocks of which the hovel walls consisted. It must have taken several men to move many of these into their places; indeed, the size of the blocks, as well as their arrangement, strongly recalled the "Cyclopean" walls, such as may still be seen at Alessio and other ancient sites on this East Adriatic coast:—

"Reared by the hands of giants,  
For the god-like kings of old."

The mighty walls of our cottage were roofed in above by a plain straw thatch. The house door opened into a little yard inclosed in stone walls, on the other side of which it faced a stone dwelling, in every respect like the cottage itself, but this set apart for the cattle. The "house-father," or Domachin—an elder brother of the pope's—welcomed us on the threshold, as did the Domachitza, his wife, the "house-mother" of the establishment; and two children, a little boy called Vaso, and a still smaller maiden hight Zvijeta, or "the flower," who I found served their parents as shepherd and shepherdess, ran forward and kissed my hand. The pope, as he himself told me, and as was easy enough to see, was the chief man of the village, "quite a knez"—a word translated "prince" by Russians—he assured me, but in his own house-community he must bow to the authority of his elder brother, the Domachin, according to old Serb custom.

Inside the house was divided by a low wicker fence into two apartments, in one of which—the larger—the family ate and slept, while the other served as a general store-room. Floor, strictly speaking, there was none, Mother Earth supplying its place, though in the middle was a square hole, paved with large stones, which served as a hearth. A raised dais in the further corner formed the *haremluk*—at least it was set apart as the night lair for the women and children. There was no chimney, and the tortures I suffered from the wood-smoke, this night of all others, when the fire was heaped with

logs, will not soon be forgotten! Even the pope and a Crivoscian visitor suffered at times; indeed the wood-smoke of these chimneyless hovels is the one thing to which the civilised stranger can never accustom himself. I have rushed out, frantic with pain, to pass a night in the snow by preference! The low, contracted brows of many of these mountaineers, and indeed of primitive folk generally, is due, I have no doubt, to the endeavour of Nature to lessen the area of irritation in the most sensitive organ of the human body. He who first invented chimneys did more towards making men and women beautiful for ever than all the Madame Rachels that ever lived!

Here and there about the walls and rafters were stuck little sprigs of olive and bay, carried up the day before from Risano, and outside the house door to the left leant the yule logs, or *badnjaks*, that were to cheer our Christmas Eve. There was one for every male of the family, and one, the *glavni badnjak*, or chief log, for Bozhich, as they call Christmas. In the parts of Herzegovina above Ragusa the practice is to cut three, or even one large *badnjak*; and as the trunk of an oak is always sought, this practice has contributed not a little towards the deforesting of a country never too full of trees. The size of these logs may be judged from the fact, mentioned by Vuk Karadjich, that in the larger households in Herzegovina it is not unusual for the log to be dragged into the house by eight oxen, who are driven in at one of the large arched house-doors and, the log having been unyoked within, are driven out at the other entrance. In these mountains the log has to be cut on the morning of Christmas Eve, just before sunrise. The Domachin, after offering up a prayer, takes an axe, and goes to seek the oak stump which he has already marked out for his *badnjak*. Arrived at the spot, he takes off his cap to the log, turns towards the east, and, having crossed himself, offers up

another prayer. Then he begins to hew the log on one side, crying out, as my host informed me, "Give to me and to Christmas abundantly, O God."<sup>1</sup> When the log is nearly cut through on the side on which it is to fall, he takes the axe and gives it a blow from the other side, so as to clean sever it; but if it falls on the wrong side, or the break is not a clean one, the whole process has to be gone through again by the Domachin, as he wishes for a lucky year! The log duly felled, the house-father utters another prayer, and, placing it on his shoulders, bears it home to his yard, and leans it against the outer wall of the house with the freshly-cut end uppermost—a point about which they are most rigorous. The other lesser logs, representing the different male members of the family, are now brought and leant beside the *glavni badnjak*, as I found them on my arrival; and the house-father, as he set each log in succession against the house wall, had repeated the formula, "*Veseli badnji dan!*"—"A merry log day!"

It was now beginning to grow dusk, and it was high time to think of the final preparations for the due reception of the yule-log. A kind of glee seemed to seize on the whole family as the hour approached, and the children began to laugh and dance about for joy. The house-mother now said that she had only one thing to beg of me, and that was, after the log was brought in, not on any account to talk of *Vieshtitzas* (a South-Slavonic form of witches), "for to-night they fly about like sparks." Of course I promised faithfully not to breathe a syllable of such an ill-omened word, but ventured to ask whether the prohibition extended itself also to the *Vilas*—the white-robed, goose-footed maidens who here play the part of fairies. "No," replied the Domachitza; "you may talk of *Vilas* if you like, for they are good folk."

There can be no doubt that out of doors to-night all kinds of weird, un-

<sup>1</sup> "Pridaj mi, Bože, i Božiću."

canny shapes are walking the earth. On Christmas Eve in Montenegro they say, "To-night Earth is blended with 'Paradise.'" *Raj*, the word used for "Paradise," was the abode of the dead among the heathen Slavs.

The family now invited me to step across to the cattle shed opposite, to see the ceremony of stalling the sheep, goats, and oxen. The shepherd lad and the pope each took a wax taper, and walking round the interior of the stalls, carefully lighted up every corner in turn. Then they took their place at the door, one at each side, and held up their wax tapers, while the little shepherdess drove in the animals one by one between the two lights. After that the little shepherd and the little shepherdess kissed each other: "that the animals might love," it was explained to me.

Straw was now brought into the dwelling-house and strewn all over the floor by the house-mother, "because Christ was born in the straw," according to the pope; but we may find another explanation. In many parts hereabouts it is usual for the Domachitza, as she does this, to "cluck" like a hen, while the children "cheep" after her like chicks, "that the fowls may lay, and that the coming year may be more fruitful than the last." The fire was now piled up, every member of the family throwing on it a branch of "*zanovel*" or *cytius*, and all seemed ready for the reception of King Log.

But one other most indispensable rite had yet to be performed. The iron fire-shovel, the low round table, the three-legged stools, and the one chair or "*katriga*," with which I had hitherto been honoured, were removed from the neighbourhood of the hearth and hidden away in an obscure corner of the cottage.

Nothing gave me such an idea of the antiquity of the rites I was observing as this. I could not doubt that the fire-irons and benches were removed for the sufficient reason that this cult of the hearth, this most ancient of all forms of Aryan worship,



dated from a time when iron and stools and tables were alike unknown. The superstition which dictated that this night the fire should be stirred with wood alone was indeed superstition in its most primitive sense of the standing over or survival of ancient customs. Primitive as was the hovel I was in, and miserable as was its furniture, its inmates still unconsciously preserved the memory of times when life was even ruder than their own.

Everything was now ready. The housewife took a wooden bowl filled with grains of corn, and stationed herself opposite the door, on each side of which were set the lighted tapers. The Domachin now went out into the yard, and taking up the chief yule-log entered the house between the wax lights, saying to the Domachitza, who stood ready to receive him as he crossed the threshold, "Good evening, and a happy log-day to thee!"<sup>1</sup> The Domachitza replied, "Good luck, and welcome to thee!"<sup>2</sup> and as she said this flung a handful of corn in his face. The house-father, now keeping the cut end of the log uppermost, laid it on the fire, and the two other male members of the family, and myself as an honoured guest, carried in the other three logs with the same salutations and corn-throwing, and laid them on the fire in the same manner. The Domachitza now took a cup—*pokal* they called it—of wine and handed it and the bowl of corn to the Domachin, who sprinkled some of both over the log in the form of a cross, muttering, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." At Ragusa the house-father, when he sprinkles the wine and corn over the log, says, as the flame shoots up, "*Dobro rodilo*"—"Goodly be thy birth!" The house-father now took the bowl of corn, an orange, and a ploughshare, and placed them on the upper end of the log away from the fire, explaining to me that he did so

that the corn might grow well and the beasts be healthy that year.

In Montenegro it is more usual for the Domachin, instead of sprinkling the log with corn, to break a piece of a wheel-shaped loaf of unleavened bread, called a *pogatch*, made everywhere for Christmas in these Serbian lands, and, placing it on the log, to pour a libation of wine over it, and greet the log thus, "Your health, festive yule-log! We give to thee this wine and *pogatch* cake; give thou to us health, peace, male children, the fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle, and all good luck." After that the Domachin tastes a little of the *pogatch*, and gives a bit to each of the family. In parts of Dalmatia the Domachin, after depositing the log on the fire, takes off his cap to it, saying, "Be thou welcome, O log, and may God preserve thee!" and as he sprinkles it with corn asks a blessing on kinsmen present and "absent."

Who are these "absent ones," one asks, commemorated thus by household rites on this night when Earth and *Raj* are blended?

Supper was now prepared, but instead of laying the food on the low round-table, the *trpeza*—whose very name betrays the foreign, Byzantine source from which it was introduced—the house-mother, who had carefully stowed the table away with the chair and stools, simply spread two empty sacks on the straw-strewn floor, and on them laid the macaroni and fried cakes, or *priganitze*, which were to form the evening meal. The long fast of forty days, which precedes the feast, is not over till Christmas morning, so that no meat may as yet be eaten. When I asked why they ate thus on the sacks, the Domachin replied, "That the year may be fruitful." Supper being served, the men of the family sat down to eat, the women and children, according to immemorial Slav custom, standing apart and handing the viands. One of their special duties, always performed in the primitive homesteads of the Illyrian high-

<sup>1</sup> "Dobra večer i čestiti ti badnji dan!"

<sup>2</sup> "Dobra ti sreća i dobro došlo!"

lands, was to hold a small pine-torch or "luch" over the men's heads while they supped. The men having finished their evening meal, the women and children sat down to devour their leavings, but I was first witness to another curious ceremony.

The fire had by this time burnt through a small piece at the end of one of the yule-logs, which fell down among the cinders. The little shepherd lad, observing this, darted forward and bending down among the embers, at the imminent risk of burning his face, seized the charred and smouldering fragment firmly between his teeth, and carrying it in this way out of doors, let it fall in the middle of the yard, between the dwelling-house and the cattle-stall. "There!" exclaimed the house-mother, triumphantly, "now no *Vieshtitza*, nor any uncanny thing can cross the threshold!" Apparently this was considered a most powerful amulet, and next morning I saw my hostess take up the charred bit of wood and poke it carefully into a crevice in the outside wall of the house. In other parts of Montenegro<sup>1</sup> a somewhat similar rite is performed. The house-father gives the shepherd a fire-steel (*ognjilo*), which he takes between his teeth, saying, "May the enemy hurt this house, and the wolf the fold, as much as I hurt this steel with my teeth." In other parts a piece of charred yule-log is taken as here, but in a gloved hand, and is carried thrice round the maize-barn, and finally set in the fork of an old apple or plum-tree, to make it fruitful.

In the mountains of North-west Bosnia, after the straw has been spread and the log duly brought in, the family being all collected, the house-elder rises, and the rest of the household with him, and all pray God, as it was described to me, "quietly each to himself as he knows best." In some houses this prayer lasts as

long as an hour, in others half an hour or a quarter. The prayer over, a girl sets a low table, and all take their places round on the straw. The food consists of fruit, such as plums, pears, apples, figs, and nuts, cabbage, maize bread, and three wheat-shaped loaves of unleavened wheaten bread, and at the conclusion of the repast all lie down together on the straw and sleep a while.

Supper over in our Crivoscian hut, the whole family squatted round the blazing yule-fire in a jovial mood. Says a Montenegrin song:—

"Without eyesight there is no day!  
Without Christmas no true feast!  
The flame shoots up brighter than 'tis  
wont,  
Before the fire the straw is strewed,  
The yule-logs are laid across the fire,  
The guns are fired, the roast meat turns,  
The guzlas twang, and they play the kolo.  
The grandsires dance with the grand-  
children,  
Three generations turn round in the dance,  
You would say they were all the same  
year's children!  
For the joy and the mirth levels all.  
But what most falls to my taste  
Is that each must be toasted!"

From which it may be gathered that a "merry Christmas" is not such an exclusive possession of Englishmen as some seem to imagine. In our little Crivoscian hovel the family party was too small for much uproarious merriment, but the wassail-cup passed round, toasts were drunk, jokes were cracked, and Christmas songs, of which I had heard several by anticipation at Risano, were sung. One of these, very common too in Bosnia and Herzegovina, tells how the yule-log should be carried.

"Christmas sits upon the grass  
In the red coffee-house.  
Christmas calls beyond the water  
'Carry me t'other side of the stream.  
Send me not old wives,  
Old wives are gossips—  
Gossips will tumble me!"

"Send me not maidens,  
Maidens are wanton—  
Wantons will toss me!  
Send me not young brides,  
Brides they are stitchers—  
Stitchers will prick me!"

<sup>1</sup> See an interesting account of Christmas there by the Archimandrite Duchich, entitled—*Kako se u Crnoj-gori Božić slavi*, in the *Dubrovnik*, 1867.

Send me th' house-elder,  
That he may carry me :  
All his life long  
The house-elder will honour me ! ”

Another song ran :—

“ Christmas, Christmas knocks,  
A spray of gold he bears  
To deck the door with gold :  
This door and t'other,  
And the house all round about ;  
Whose door will he deck ?  
Ours he'll deck, no other !  
Set it round with silver,  
And with gold anoint ! ”<sup>1</sup>

In another ditty of the same kind the names of Crivoscia and different places in the Bocche di Cattaro are brought in to rhyme with different dishes that Christmas demands of them. In another we hear of the three knives of Christmas—one to cut the bread, the second to cut the oatcake, and the third to carve the roast meat ; but these throw little light on Christmas ritual, and have only been made up for their jingle. Other Christmas songs of great mythic interest, rife among the Bosnians and Herzegovinians, I shall allude to later. Of one of these, however—a beautiful carol which takes us far back into the times of Slavonic heathendom—I cannot refrain from giving here an almost literal translation :—

“ Three nosegays of flowers at Christmas  
there be,  
And by the three nosegays gold banners  
three ;  
One nosegay goes forth with the Dawn afar,  
And the banner of gold is the Morning  
Star.  
When forth to the East with the Dawn she  
goes,  
And in the East heaven her countenance  
shows.

“ But the second spray and banner of gold,—  
The flag is the Sun, warm, and bright to  
behold ;  
When in warmth he walks forth the flag is  
unfurled,  
And the golden flag floats all over the  
world ;  
O warm Sun, in thee all creatures delight,  
And with joy are o'erspread by thy  
countenance bright !

<sup>1</sup> “ . . . vrata,  
Srebro potkovata  
Zlato namazata.”

“ But the third nosegay and banner of gold—  
The flag is the Moon, all agleam to behold.  
When dusk creeps over the earth and sky  
The Sun goes down, but the Moon mounts  
high ;  
O'er highroad and pathway she sheds her  
light,  
That the wayfarers lose not their track in  
the night,  
That the Serbs to their gathering safely  
may go,  
To the joyous feast of Christ's birth below.

“ When in the morn the warm Sun shone  
forth,  
To his sister thus the warm Sun quoth—  
‘ Darling sister, sweet Morning Star,  
’Tis joyful for us to look on from afar,  
And to see the Serbs at the feast of Christ's  
birth  
Quaffing cool wine and singing for mirth ;  
Ever thus may ye feast, dear brethren  
mine,  
And in health may ye quaff of the cooling  
wine ! ”<sup>2</sup>

Here, on this day, which another Bosnian song describes as “ the name-day of all House-elders,” and therefore the feast of Ancestors, we see Fire in its triple heavenly form doing obeisance to the new birth of a terrestrial hearth.

Meanwhile the midnight hour was fast approaching, and it was time for the family to seek the little repose that they allow themselves on Christmas Eve. The house-mother and children sought the wooden *dais* which I have already alluded to as the *haremluk* ; while myself and the others stretched ourselves on the straw alongside the hearth, the Crivoscians wrapping themselves up in their *strukas*, or homespun plaids. The fire burnt dim, and only a small lamp, of a shape purely Roman, and a name “ *Lukierna* ” as Roman as its shape, suspended from the blackened wall, shed a truly religious light on the sleepers.

In the small hours of the morning, when it was still pitch dark outside, and the fire within had dwindled to embers below the logs, the Domachin got up, and, approaching the hearth,

<sup>2</sup> The Serbian original of this will be found among a small collection of Bosnian folk-songs printed at Serajevo, and entitled, *Srpske Narodne Pjesme iz Bosne*.

took up a part of the log, with which he raked together the embers, continually repeating, "*Pomozi Bože!* Give help to me, O God!" as he bent over the yule-log, until such time as a cheerful blaze sprang up.<sup>1</sup> He then roused the rest of the family, and passing into the other room or storehouse, in which was hung the carcass of a white sheep destined for the Christmas roast, began to wash himself with great vigour in pure spring water. These lustrations lasted several minutes, during the whole of which time he continued to invoke the help of God in the same monotonous but earnest tone. The Domachitza and the rest of the family in their turn repeated the same lustrations and prayers, while the house-father himself, by now sufficiently purged by water, began the somewhat arduous process of spitting the sheep—a long wooden spit being run right through it from end to end. This was next set before the fire on two wooden forks, the chief priest of this domestic sacrifice muttering another prayer as he did so, and the mutton was soon turning merrily on the spit. But I am forgetting myself. It is wrong to speak of the *péchivo*—the Christmas roast—as "turning." It "rejoices," if you please, but it does not turn. That word is *tužno*, ill-omened; it is eminently unsacrificial, and has an all too culinary savour. As to the beast itself, it seems that the right animal to roast whole is the *božura*, or Christmas pig; but then it is not every family that can afford to regale its Penates with roast pork.

While the roast meat was "rejoicing," I observed the house-father get up and lay his hand in a kind of experimental way on the kettle-chain that hung from a smoke-sodden rafter above the yule-fire. "Yes, it is cold," he remarked, with an air that seemed

to show that the experiment had succeeded. "What is cold?" I asked. "The kettle-chain, to be sure," he replied. "You may pile the fire up as much as you like, but the chain is always cold of Christmas night." The only reason he gave for this was that the Virgin Mary, when giving birth, had laid her hand on the kettle-chain, and that ever afterwards it had been cool and pleasant to the touch this night. Was it possible that my host had an inkling of a very different explanation?

"Who knows," I remarked, "what cold hands may be clinging to it to-night? Don't you think, now, that your poor grandfathers would be glad enough to come and warm themselves over your blazing yule-fire? Only once a year, you know," I added persuasively.

The question was artfully worded to draw him out, if drawn he could be; for I was already satisfied that a part at least of this Christmas house-ritual was *au fond* the cult of ancestors under a Christian disguise.

The Domachin however knew nothing of his forefathers. They slept, he supposed, in the churchyard. I was not disappointed with this, for I had not expected to elicit any other answer. The Domachitza however here broke in—"Ay, *they* sleep, but the unchristened folk beneath the threshold (*pod prag*), they wait enough to-night."

"And why do they wait?" I inquired.

"They cry for a wax-light and offerings to be brought them; when that is done they lie still enough."

"The Unchristened Folk,"—in that expression alone there lay a world of hidden meaning of which my hostess was certainly innocent. It may be taken as a rule that heathen beliefs concerning the dead survive in a special way in Christian times and countries in the superstitions that follow the feet of children who have died unbaptised. In these mountains and the neighbouring Bocche and

<sup>1</sup> In Bosnia and Herzegovina the Domachin, when he rises and makes up the fire, cries, "*Sjaj!* O God, on us at Christmas." The word seems to be connected with *Sjajati*—to shine, *Sjajan*=shining.

Raguseo the spirits of unbaptized children rove about as Will-o'-the-wisps, red-capped and red-tunicked, dancing about the fields—now visible, now invisible—and sometimes perching on the tree-tops in the form of birds. These "Tintilins," as they are called, are in their origin no doubt domestic spirits ruthlessly turned out of house and home by Christianity to play their antic tricks abroad; indeed in the Machich—the name under which they are known in some of the Dalmatian islands—they still take the form of *brownies* or household spirits. In truth this *Spirito Folletto*, so closely akin to our Will-o'-the-wisps and Scandinavian *Tomtes*, is only the dancing flame of the hearth regarded as an ancestral spirit. In Russia the souls of unbaptized children are said to "dance about like flames." Here, too, they dance, and their little red caps sufficiently betray their fiery origin.

The Crivoscians we see give these restless spirits a local habitation "under the threshold." This too has its meaning. It seems probable that in pagan times it was a usual practice to bury the dead under the threshold. Among the Hungarian Slavs<sup>1</sup> the domestic deities, who are in fact the spirits of ancestors, are supposed to dwell beneath the doorway; and among the Bohemians the custom long survived of tapping the threshold three times with the coffin. Possibly these "unchristened folk" that the Domachitza alluded to were buried in this locality at a comparatively recent period. The original object of such almost intermural interment seems obvious enough, for why should the poor cold spirits be shut out altogether from the warmth and shelter of their former dwelling-house? Burial within the dwelling-house was probably once an universal Aryan practice. It was so in ancient Athens, Rome, and Tarentum. It is so still with a number of savage races; and in the

hut-shaped urns of prehistoric Italy a curious survival of the more ancient rite of sepulture has been preserved to us. So in the North of Russia I have seen little wooden sheds imitating dwelling-houses built over the graves in an orthodox churchyard.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile the Domachitza had said quite enough to show that on Yule-night the spirits of the departed called for special attentions.

Before the roast meat can be eaten on Christmas morning a religious ceremony must be gone through in church. While it was still dark the pope started, and myself in his company, to make his way to the Greek church of Knezlatz, where he was bound to perform mass before sunrise. A twenty minutes' climb over rocks and across patches of ice brought us to the little church, which is the very plainest of buildings, built however of walls some four feet thick and strengthened still further within by arches resting on massive piers built into the walls. The architect had perhaps intended to make these arches round, but he had failed, as other architects have failed. The Mass and the Gospel account of the Nativity were read in Slav, and there was a little chanting; but the cold was intense. Imagine a church built on a slight elevation in the middle of a frozen mountain plateau, with a large arched entrance open to the northern blast, and windows which were open for the best of reasons, that they had neither panes nor frames; and add to this the pleasing fact that the sun had not yet risen, and that a fierce icy Bora—perhaps the most terrible of European winds—was blowing straight in. A Crivoscian, seeing that the tapers were blown out, tried to block up one of the windows near with a huge tile, but the next gust blew away the tile. The congregation, which I had ample opportunity of observing, consisted of about a score of men, women, and

<sup>1</sup> Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 318.

<sup>2</sup> At Tornea in Finland in the orthodox Russian churchyard.



boys. They were fine and tall, the women dressed Herzegovinian fashion, the men indistinguishable from the finer type of Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, and with the darker hair and fine aquiline nose which distinguish these Serbian mountaineers from their droop-nosed lowland kinsmen of the Save and Danubian valleys.

At the end of the service the beautiful old Slav rite, called the "Peace of God,"<sup>1</sup> was performed by the whole congregation. Every one approached his neighbour and kissed him or her on both cheeks, saying, "*Hristos se rodi*," "Christ is born!" To this the other replied, "*Va istinuse rodi*,"—"Of a truth He is born!" and returned the kisses, and this was repeated till each had kissed and been kissed by all present. In North-west Bosnia, and I believe other districts, it is usual for the house-father, there generally known as *staryeshina*,<sup>2</sup> or elder, to take a bit of cheese and of the Christmas roast meat to be consecrated by the pope at the end of the service, and the consecrated morsels are eaten on the way back.

The ceremony in the church over, the congregation wended their way to their respective homes, there to find the Christmas roast meat done to a turn. Before, however, sitting down to the festal meal some further rites had to be performed. First, the Domachitza, taking with her a dish containing corn, a cup of wine, and a pomegranate, begged me to accompany her to the cattle-stall. She then entered the stall set apart for the goats, and having first sprinkled them with corn, took the wine-cup in her hand and said, "Good morning, little mother! The Peace of God be on thee! Christ is born; of a truth He is born. Mayst thou be healthy. I drink to thee in wine; I give thee a pomegranate; mayst thou meet with all good luck!" She then lifted the cup to her lips, took a sip, tossed the pomegranate among the herd, and throwing her arms round the she-goat, whose health

she had already drunk, gave it the "Peace of God"—kissed it, that is, over and over again. When I asked why she had singled out this goat among all the others, she answered, "She is the house-mother (*domachitza*) of the goats." It is amusing to find these primitive people transferring their ideas of communal family government to the animal world.

The same ceremony was now performed for the benefit of the sheep and cows, after which all the animals were beaten with a leafy olive-branch. Then the little shepherd and the little shepherdess took their places at the door with two wax tapers, as on the previous evening, and the Domachitza, olive-branch in hand, drove out all the beasts as they had come in between the two lights; and then the brother and sister kissed each other as before. Next, the indefatigable Domachitza went to the fowls, and having blessed them in the same way, threw corn over them, saying as she did so, "As ye eat together so may ye lay together."

The number of little rites performed by these people in order to secure plenty and good luck for the ensuing year is endless, and varies, not only according to the usage of different districts, but in different villages of the same district and even in different families of the same village. But all these customs have certain points in common and present a strong family likeness. Thus the walnut and pomegranate are very generally in use in Dalmatia as emblems of plenty and fulness. In the country between Sinj and Verlika I was told that it is the custom for the Domachin to take a walnut or a pomegranate and to toss it over the housetop, crying, "As this is full of fruit so may this house be full of good luck, and money, and fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle." The youngest male of the family now runs to look for it, and if, on opening it, it is found full of fruit it is a sign of great good luck for the coming year, and the whole family rejoices. At

<sup>1</sup> Mirbožanje.

<sup>2</sup> Starješina.

Risano they place a tinsel-covered pomegranate on the top of the wine-jug from which the company's glasses are replenished when drinking the Christmas healths; and it is usual, in addition to this, to present each guest with a pomegranate or orange. As in the case of these fruits, the proverbial fulness of an egg is also used as a charm to secure plenty. Vuk Karadjich mentions that in places where a ram supplies the Christmas roast they strike the fruit of a tree which shows signs of rottenness at its root with the horn, saying, "I thee with horn, thou me with fruit." The Christmas straw is taken from the house floor and strewn over the fields to make them fertile. Blighted figs are rubbed with charcoal from the burnt yule-log, and ashes from the Christmas loaf are sprinkled over silkworms to make them increase and multiply. But I could swell the catalogue of Christmas charms for the New Year almost *ad infinitum*. One thing they abundantly prove: that Christmas is here the feast of the New Year—so much so indeed that New Year's Day is not spoken of at all. Its name and ceremonies are completely absorbed by the feasts of "Great" and "Little" Christmas.

As the hour for the Christmas feast drew near, the "Christmas guest" came to the door. Among these mountaineers, and indeed among the Serbs generally, it is a universal custom for each family to choose some goodly youth of their acquaintance as a dropper-in for the Christmas Day festivities. He is called the "Polaznik,"<sup>1</sup> and where strict rites are observed no one except this chosen guest visits the family on Christmas Day. Our Polaznik proved to be a sturdy youth of some five-and-twenty years, who, as he approached the threshold, cried, "Christ is born!" and scattered some corn from his hand inside the dwelling-house. "Welcome!" replied the house-mother, who stood at the door to meet him; "of a truth He is born,"

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere, Polaznik.

and threw a handful of corn in his face, as she had done before to the bringers-in of the yule-logs. The Polaznik now approached the yule-fire and taking up the remains of the chief log, which was not yet burnt through, knocked it against the cauldron-hook above so as to make the sparks fly, saying as he did so, "So may our Domachin have all good luck and happiness, and may he have most male heads!" He then with the same log struck the embers below, saying, as the sparks flew again, "Even so may our brother the Domachin have oxen, and cows, and goats, and sheep, and all good luck!"<sup>2</sup> Having done this, he laid an orange, and upon it a small coin, on the end of the log, which the Domachitza promptly took possession of. In return for this gift, she informed me, she presented the Polaznik, when he left, with "charape" and "nazake," the leggings and socks in use among these mountaineers, and with these a Christmas loaf or "pogatch." The Polaznik now, according to immemorial custom, asked his host the Domachin "how Christmas had come to him"<sup>3</sup> and whether he was merry! To which the house-father replied, "Christmas has come as a kind guest—never better, my brother; all have enough, and all are merry." The new comer now exchanged the kiss of peace with every member of the family, and then the stools were taken from their lurking places, and the Polaznik, taking his seat beside

<sup>2</sup> The formula usual in Montenegro, where the Domachin on his return from church also performs this rite, begins with an invocation of the yule-log itself. "O festive yule log, in a good hour may God give as much to us" (as these sparks) "of health, peace, fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle (roda, ploda), feasting, male children, and all good luck!" See Duchich, *Kako se u Crnoj-Gori Božić slavi*, in the *Dubrovenik*, 1867. Here we seem to see a survival of the time when the prayer was actually addressed to the ancestral flame.

<sup>3</sup> "Kako vas je Božić polazio?" "What kind of a guest or 'Polaznik' has your Christmas been?"

the hearth, was pledged with wine and raki to his heart's content.

The Domachin now took the roasted carcass of the Christmas sheep, and, muttering a prayer, drew forth his handjar or sword-knife, and with some dexterous blows cut it into more manageable joints. He had need to be a skilful swordsman, since to have broken a rib would, I was assured, have brought some calamity on the household. In place of a table, sacks were spread over the straw-strewn floor as on the preceding night, and on these, besides some good haunches of the *péchivo* or Christmas roast, the housemother set bacon, potatoes, and the Christmas unleavened bread—rude ancestor indeed of our plum-pudding, but ancestor nevertheless. This is a round flat cake, with a round hole in the centre, from which spoke-like ornaments radiate towards the circumference so as to make it look somewhat like a wheel. In the round hole in the centre they placed here a simple glass of wine, but in more well-to-do Risano I saw small Christmas-trees, hung with ribbons, tinsel, and sweetmeats, stuck in the central hole. Inside the cake was placed a coin, which was to bring luck to whoever got it with his portion. Besides this *chesnitza*, or Christmas bread-cake, the house-mother set on the table a wooden bowl filled with corn, and in this the Domachin set three wax tapers lighted from the yule fire. When they were getting low he sopped a small piece of the unleavened bread in wine, and with this extinguished the flame, afterwards religiously devouring the sodden morsel.

In Risano, where they have so far degenerated from the strictness of primitive usage as to allow themselves a table, every member of the family round it holds a wax taper. At the beginning of the repast all rise, each holding his wax light, utter a prayer, and give each other the kiss of peace all round. Then the house-father collects the tapers and sets

them up in the corn bowl, where he extinguishes them, when they burn low, in the manner already described. But the Crivoscians are for the most part too poor to afford so many tapers, and are fain to content themselves as here, with a prayer and the kiss of peace.

Our little family party—the men first, be it always understood—fell upon the Christmas sheep with the zest of men who had not tasted flesh for forty days. The house-mother and children waited on us, and when, after offering the Domachin and the pope a glass of Marashino from a bottle I had providently brought with me, I offered my hostess some previous to drinking myself, she was perfectly abashed, and the men beside themselves with astonishment at such precedence being given to a woman! I did my best to explain that in my country women always came first, and demanded why it was they held them so cheap in theirs. "What is a woman?" rejoined the Domachin. "She hardly belongs to the family at all. To-morrow she may marry, and go into quite another house." This odd answer was given me on two different occasions, so that the reason given evidently has serious weight with the people. Such a conception of woman's position in the family is indeed a strange instance of the persistence of ideas which formed the very framework of Aryan society, and which date back to those times when the household was a religious corporation, bound together by the ritual of a common ancestor worship—a worship paid by males to males in which women had at most a secondary share.<sup>1</sup>

When the first edge had been taken off the appetite, the Domachin rose to propose the toast of the day "with all the honours," "*u slavu*," as they say. To witness, however, this Christmas feast at its best, and to study the rites connected with the making of

<sup>1</sup> See on this the *Citt Antique* of M. Festel de Coulanges, and Mr. Hearn's most interesting volume, *The Aryan Household*.

the bread-cake, I may be allowed to transport the reader a while to one of the large house communities in the mountains above Petrovatz in North-west Bosnia. Before sunrise one of the unmarried youths takes a bucket (*vucija*) and draws water wherewith to knead the *chesnitza* or unleavened bread-cake. This he subsequently kneads, putting in a para with the flour for luck. When ready kneaded, the *chesnitza* is put on a shovel and thus set on the hearth, and while there, a circular hole is pressed out of the middle with a cup, a number of lines being then cut with a knife, radiating from the central hole. These lines, they say, represent the different members of the family, and after them the animals of the farm, the corn, maize—and, in fact, all the common possessions of the household. The cake is now placed under a cover (*satcha*) in the ashes, great care being taken that the fire shall only be stirred by three sticks of freshly-cut wood, and these held in a gloved hand. When the cake is ready, these firesticks are thrown out of the smoke-hole in the roof, picked up, and again taken inside the house.

When the *chesnitza* is ready, they look at its radiating dents, and proceed to "interpret"<sup>1</sup> from them. As each line represents some individual person or property, beginning with the house-elder, good and ill luck is boded to each as the dents come out well or ill. If all come out well, it is reckoned a very good omen, but the contrary bodes great misfortune.

Each member of the family in turn now sets his or her bare feet on the spot on the hearth where the cake was baked to prevent their feet getting blistered that year, and not, as some might have thought, to begin the new year with a blister.

On his return from church, the Staryeshina, or house-elder, gives

<sup>1</sup> *Tolkovati* is the verb used. It bears a curious resemblance to the Swedish *tolk*, an interpreter.

orders forthwith to lay the feast. At first nothing is set before the family, who are squatted round on the straw, but a sieve containing grains of different kinds of corn, in which is placed an egg and a taper, and certain small cakes made of meal and cream called *tzitzvaras* which it is the duty of the shepherdess (*planinka*) to prepare. When the *tzitzvaras* are set before them, the whole family stands up; at the head stands the Staryeshina, at his right his brother, eldest son, or whoever is the eldest male in the family after him, then the other male members in order. On the left of the house-elder stands the house-mother of the community, and after her the other female members in order, and so on till the youngest children of both sexes meet at the bottom of the circle. Then the eldest male after the Staryeshina goes up and kisses him on both cheeks, the other male members after him, the boys, however, only kissing his hands. Next the same ceremony is repeated by the house-mother, and the womankind of the family in due order, after which they kiss all the men of the family in turn—a wife, however, passing over her husband.

The Lord's Prayer is now said by all, after which the Christmas bread-cake, the *chesnitza*, is solemnly broken by the house-father and another male member of the family, all round observing the ground attentively to see if a crumb falls down. If this happens, it betokens that one of the family will die before the next year is out; the contrary case signifying great prosperity. Similarly, if the fat inside the *tzitzvaras* peeps out, it is a good sign; should it be otherwise, a death may be expected.

All now sit down in order, and the Staryeshina taking a bit of the Christmas bread-cake in a spoon, eats his first mouthful, passing on the spoon to the next male, till all have eaten with it. Great importance is attached by all the Serbs to the first morsel eaten at the Christmas feast. Sometimes it

is cheese, sometimes the Christmas roast, sometimes sausage. Each having taken his first spoonful in the house-father's spoon, they fall to on the *tzitzvara* cakes on their own account, but first take care to dig their spoon-handles into these cakes, and shake them off again with the spell—"So much food may we have for a year spite of harmful guns and worms." One side of the bread-cake is now broken, the *péchivo*, or Christmas roast is carried in, and the cups are filled with the *varenik*<sup>1</sup> or Christmas mead.

Now is the time for the Christmas toasting. In the middle of dinner the house-father gets up, and in many parts, in Montenegro, for instance, the first toast is a religious one, the Nativity of Christ, "the Patron Namegiver of all house-fathers." This is evidently only a Christian survival of the practice of drinking to the divine ancestor of the family, and it is observable that the wheel-snaped bread-cake, or *kolatch*, is broken in honour of the toast at the same time as the mead is drunk—a distinct memorial of a time when it was set out for the ancestral spirit. Holding out his *potijer*, or cup, a name used elsewhere to signify the sacramental chalice,<sup>2</sup> the Domachin drinks "to the fair honour of the holy Nativity of Christ, who thus miraculously came among us and made us joyous, that we may long await Him in health and feasting, and that He may aid us and every Christian brother." The next toast is the "*Krsno Ime*," the "name of the Patron Saint," who again represents the divine ancestor of pre-Christian days; after which the various members of the family are toasted in turn. In Risano, the toasting can be heard to greater perfection than in the Black Mountain itself, so as I had now seen all the

chief ceremonial of the Crivoscian household, I took leave of my kind entertainers, and started on my way down the mountain to catch up something more than the tail end of the festivities in the Bocchese town, which begin later in the day, and last almost without interruption into the night. Arrived at Risano, I was at once invited to the house of a hospitable native, and, before I knew where I was, found myself rising to reply to a Slav toast which had been drunk to the new-comer, "with all the honours," by the festive family circle assembled within. My own toast, I need hardly say, was brief, but I trust to the point; any how my gorgeously-apparelled friends were kind enough to help it out by uproarious *živio's*. Many of the toasts that followed, however, were quite long speeches, full of jokes at the expense of whoever the speaker "looked towards." Thus one kind friend in proposing the health of mine host, a bulky man, on the safe side of forty, and blessed with a buxom consort of about the same respectable time of life, expressed a wish that he might shortly marry a young wife; and lest the lady should feel herself in any way slighted, he turned to our hostess, and, with equal readiness, wished her a slim and youthful husband.

In the Crivoscian and Bosnian cottages the food must on no account be cleared away after the Christmas meal. The remains of every kind of dish is left for three days on the sacks which serve the place of table—the house Spirits must be given time for their repast,—and the straw is left scattered over the earth-floor of the huts, till "Little Christmas," or New Year's Day, which concludes the feast. The afternoon on Christmas Day is taken up with various pursuits. The young folk dance the *kolo* outside the house, and play various games. Tasks should be begun on this day. Carpenters turn a bit with their gimlets, and chop with their axes. Some mount the horses

<sup>1</sup> This is made of wine, honey, and pepper; it is specially drunk on Christmas Eve.

<sup>2</sup> The word seems to have been derived from the Byzantine Greek *Παράκος* = sacramental chalice, which is its usual signification among the Serbs. In Montenegro, however, it is used to mean a purely secular cup.



and ride about the fields, where, in the Bocche, they "shout Christmas" as it is called. The husbandmen take the oxen to the forest. Girls begin pieces of needlework; and luck is thus secured for all domestic enterprises for the ensuing year.

In the villages about Petrovatz, and elsewhere, a field labourer wakes the children of the household early on the morning of "Little Christmas Day," before dawn, when they and he together clear the floor of the Christmas straw, take the *kolatch* cakes, and a rope, and proceed with these to the threshing-floor. Here they scatter the straw all round the pole to which the horses, who tread out the corn, are to be tethered; fix a *kolatch* cake, the central hole of which is ready to receive the pole, on the top of it, and tie the rope to it. The children now take hold of the rope and run round and round over the straw, neighing, the husbandman driving them as if they were horses. This goes on for about an hour till the children are tired and leave off, when the rope is undone, the *kolatch* removed, and all return to the house. Next they go to the stall where the oxen are sleeping, and the husbandman fixes the *kolatch* on the horn of the "eldest ox;" if he now throws it off it is of good omen to the household, and the oxen, especially, will be strong and lusty. A bit of the *kolatch* cake is now broken off and given to the oxen to eat, and the children run to the husbandman, neighing, and asking for oats to make them strong, on which he gives them, too, a bit of the same bread-cake. In the evening of "Little Christmas,"

*kolatch* cakes of the same wheel-shaped form are prepared for supper.

It would be easy to add a variety of suggestive customs and formulas to this short account of the Christmas rites as still practised in the primitive households of the Serbian branch of our Aryan family; these, however, that I have here collected, may perhaps suffice to convey a correct idea of their true character. In another article I hope to call attention to some of the conclusions to which they lead: here it may be sufficient to remark that to me, at least, they seem to throw an altogether new light on the true origin of that great heathen festival, many of whose ceremonies have been preserved to our day under a Christian guise. The idea hitherto prevalent of the origin of this yule ritual has been that it is a survival, with Christian additions and modifications, of the feast of the winter solstice. Far be it from me to deny that Sun-worship, which certainly fixed the date of Christmas, ecclesiastical, may have left its impress, even as Christianity did later, on part at least of these domestic rites. But whoever has been at the pains to follow this tolerably minute account of Christmas practices as still preserved among these Slavonic mountaineers, will, I think, have felt himself in presence of a still earlier religion, in a word, of that most primitive form of Aryan worship, whose only object was the spirits of departed forefathers, in which the hearth was the only altar, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, were at most regarded as supernal forms of its ancestral flame.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

*To be continued.*

## MOPSA'S TALE.

*"Et in Arcadia ego."*

In the *Arcadia*, Sidney's fair romance,  
There is a fragment of a fairy tale,  
Which clings about my heart and will not go.

'Twas Mopsa told it: rough and coarse was she,  
Stamp'd vulgar to the core with the brand self,  
Unlovely and unloved; and, as she told,  
The hearers were unfain to hear, and yet  
She mooned along, until one stayed her tongue  
With gentle prayer that she would keep her tale  
For better audience and a better day.

She liked the tale, or liked to tell the tale,  
And laid it in the silence, with the hope  
To tell it one day at a festival.  
Poor Mopsa! Here beginneth Mopsa's tale,  
Told, nearly as may be, in Mopsa's words.

"In the time past," she said, "there was a king.  
The mightiest man in all his countryside,  
Whose wife bare unto him a child that was  
The fairest daughter ever tasted pap.  
And the king kept a great and generous house  
Where all might come and freely take their meat.  
So one day, as the king's fair daughter sat  
Within her window, playing on a harp—  
As sweet as any rose was she: her hair  
Held by a rich comb, set with precious stones—  
There came a knight riding into the court  
Upon a goodly horse, one hair of gold,  
The other silver; and 'twas so that he,  
Casting his eyes up to that window of hers,  
Fell into such extremity of love,  
That so he grew not worth the bread he ate:  
Till, many a sorry day going o'er his head,  
With daily diligence and grievously groans,  
He won her heart and won her word to leave  
Her father's court and go along with him.

And so in May when all true hearts rejoice,  
They stole away together, staying not  
To break their fast, but satisfied with love.

And now as they together went, and oft  
Did fall to kissing one another's face,  
He told his lady how the water-nymphs  
Had brought him up, and had bewitched him so,  
If any one should ask him of his name,  
He presently must vanish quite away.  
And therefore charged her, on his blessing, ne'er  
To ask him what he was or whither he would.

So a great while she did his bidding keep,  
Till, passing through a cruel wilderness,  
As dark as pitch, her heart so burned in her,  
She could not choose but ask the question.

Then he, making the grievousest complaints,  
That would have melted hardest wood to hear,  
There in the darkness vanished quite away.  
And she lay down casting forth pitiful cries.

But having lain so five days and five nights,  
Wet by the rain, burnt by the sun, she rose  
And went o'er many high hills and rivers deep,  
Until she came to an aunt's house of hers,  
And stood and cried aloud to her for help.  
And she, for pity, gave a nut to her,  
And bade her never open it, till she  
Was come to the extremest misery  
That ever tongue could speak of: and she went  
And went, and never rested her at even  
Where in the morn she went, until she came  
Unto a second aunt, who gave to her  
Another nut."—Here Mopsa's tale breaks off.

I read this o'er, and pondered, till I saw  
Unto an end, albeit not Mopsa's end;  
Only an end that met the soul of one  
Small singer of the nineteenth century,  
Who felt her heart burn in her at the words,  
"And bade her never open it till she  
Was come to the extremest misery."

I think she must have found another aunt  
And gained another nut.—Though fairy tales  
Delight to deal in sevens and in threes,  
I let the third gift go and keep the two.

This was the word went with the second nut,  
"Break this when thou dost know there is no need  
To break the other." And she faintly smiled,—  
"I think that will be in the day of joy,  
The day of joy that I shall never see."

Suppose a woman with a gift like this,  
Not to be used till she herself was come

Unto the very extremest misery  
That ever tongue could speak of—how of it?—  
May it be thus?—

The princess must go on  
Smitten of sorrow, driven of remorse,  
Seeking and never finding, till her limbs  
Refused to bear her up, and so she cast  
Her length upon a rocky beach, 'neath cliffs  
White, sharp, and strong and stern, around whose base  
Beat that eternal trouble of the sea.  
"And now," she said, "the time is surely come,  
The very extremest time of misery,  
For what I seek is gone, and power to seek  
Is gone." But lo, a voice that whispered, "Nay,  
For will to seek is thine; till that be gone  
Thou art not come to thy extremest woe."

And so she rose and still pursued her way,  
Bedrencht with rain, or faint for extreme heat,  
Footsore and tired; and yet there never came  
A moment in the which to pause and say,  
"Now am I come to woe's extremity."

And on her way she sang this song of hers.

"I may not find thee, O my love of loves;  
My sin it was that drove thee from my side,  
My suffering would I give to bring thee back.  
Unfaith of mine hath struck thee like a flash  
Of lightning, and I cannot see thy face.  
My loss I know, but thine, who hast lost the light  
Of earth and all the sweets of human joy  
And grandeur of human suffering, know I not;  
I love thee and seek, though finding never come."

So cried she weeping, in a stranger land,  
And the men said, "Behold, the maid is mad!"  
And took her up in their ungentle arms  
And bare her to a dungeon underground,  
And left her there; so she was all alone  
With flitter-mice and heavy dark and damp,  
And silence; and on her bosom lay her nut,  
And yet she brake it not.

But lo! a cry  
Smote through the horrible darkness on her ear;  
And, sharp upon her brain, no need of sense,  
There came the knowledge that he lay close by,  
Prisoned and tortured: then she lifted up  
Her voice, that bare exceeding love and ruth  
In a strong cry, upon her lover's name.  
But it sank quivering on the darkness' heart,  
And could not reach him, for the walls were thick.  
Then moaned she in her grief, "The time is come,  
My most extremest time of misery,

For I am fain to help and cannot help;  
No darker time can come."

But the same voice  
That stayed her heretofore, rose up, and said,  
"Thou hast the will to help, if not the power;  
Therefore thou art not in extremest woe."

And then the princess askt, "Is there yet more?"  
And this the answer, "Not for thee, O child,  
The extremest misery tongue can utter forth,  
Or shuddering silence hold upon her breast;  
Seeing that all the suffering laid on thee  
Hath quickened thee, not killed thee: sharp regrets  
For sin have prickt thee on, not stung to death:  
Great waters going over thee washt clean,  
Not drowned thee: therefore rise and break the nut  
Whose breaking was to be when thou wert sure  
Thy woe should never be extremest woe."

And so she brake the nut—and then—there came  
That which I know not how to tell—great joy  
And peace and strength—and came for both of them,  
The seeker and the sought.

I dedicate  
This little tale to You, for You will know:  
And, if some throw the thing aside, because  
I have mixt the thought of separate centuries  
And thence brought forth some strange inconsequence,  
I shall be satisfied, if You approve.  
If any shrug the shoulder, saying, "Well,  
But Mopsa never would have ended thus,"  
You know I never said or thought she would.

E. H. HICKEY.



## MR. TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

If it is true that "by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry," then let us mark with white the day upon which the veteran and accredited chief of living English poets produces a book worthy of his fame and calling. The successive volumes of verse put forth by Mr. Tennyson within the last ten or twelve years had disappointed many of those who believed themselves neither the least ardent nor the least loyal of his admirers. The contents of these volumes had consisted, besides a few minor pieces, of additions to the cycle of Arthurian Idylls, and of two historical plays. But neither idylls nor plays had in general given unmixed pleasure to readers jealous for the glory of this great magician in English letters.

The student knows well that the poetry of Mr. Tennyson, even where it least fully satisfies, will at all times interest and impress him by choice and brilliant qualities of craftsmanship. In some of the later additions to the *Idylls of the King* there are passages—as, for instance, in the "Passing of Arthur," the famous passage of the battle, when

"On the waste sands by the waste sea they closed,"—

and more than one in the *Holy Grail*, in which Mr. Tennyson's powers of poetical execution have been exerted in a manner that not only interests and impresses, but conquers, enthralled, and carries us away. A like elaboration marks everywhere the style of these poems, but by no means, I think, a like felicity. We are far from enthralled by such curiosities of technical speech as "the foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt," or the "slot and fewmets of the deer." The ingenuity of descriptive paraphrase seems carried too far when a dandelion is called

"the flower  
That blows a globe of after arrowlets."

To "reel back into the beast" seems a phrase more far-fetched than happy or correct for describing the relapse of a kingdom into anarchy. And these are but specimens of such fastidious turns and singularities as abound in the later idylls, marring the simplicity of the narrative, and bespangling the verse with jewels surely of a somewhat inferior water; "jewels five words long," that sparkle indeed, but sparkle, like "the stone Avanturine" of Mr. Tennyson's own simile, with a lustre hardly of the purest.

But the chief complaint brought against the later idylls by those of us who cannot enjoy them as we should wish, is this, that they represent the characters of old romance in colours against which our imagination rebels. The scene upon which the mediæval legends are transported by the modern poet is a scene both changed and shrunken. The imagery is beautiful and fantastic, but there has passed over the actors a shadow by which they and their passions seem deformed and dwarfed. The world of the new Arthurian tales is indeed a more scrupulous, but it is also a much more scandalous and petty, world than that of the old. Along with the sense of vexed conscience and violated law, there has entered in a trick of wrangling and repining, of mean behaviour and peevish discourse; neither do we feel that any richness of imagery or daintiness of execution, nor even the high beauty and nobility of single passages, can reconcile us on the whole to the society of these wanton or shrewish ladies, and knights adulterous or forsworn, whose loves and strifes, in losing their character of wild recklessness and fatality, have lost also the characters of greatness and of romance.

The plays of *Queen Mary* and *Harold*, again, deeply interesting as experiments made by a master of

letters in an arduous form of writing in which we know not what to expect from him, have seemed to be but half successes at the best. Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, for one thing, polished and chased to the delicacy of filagree, and full of subtle variations in movement, hardly includes, or at least has hitherto hardly seemed to include, among its powers those essential to dramatic writing, of spontaneous and buoyant rapidity, and of explosive or appealing force. Neither has the conduct of his fables seemed to exhibit much of the craft of the born or trained dramatic artist. Still less have these plays shone by any such opulence of incidental poetry, such imaginative and episodic splendour, as atones for the deficiency of dramatic scheme and conduct in some of the historical plays of Shakspeare. They have seemed, for the work of so fine a master, somewhat bald and meagre, and the *Queen Mary* not only so, but too harsh, unbeautiful, and dissonant for true tragedy. While in *Harold*, although far more spirited and diversified, and marked by at least one scene of stirring and sustained power, when to Edith absorbed in supplication the course of the battle is told in snatches between the clamours of the combatants and the pealing of the monkish litanies—in *Harold* we still feel that the dramatic poet who is comparatively strange to us falls far short of the great lyric and idyllic poet whom we knew.

Mr. Tennyson's last volume, on the other hand, cannot fail to rekindle in all lovers of English poetry their old feelings of admiration and delight. Some of the pieces it contains had been published singly before, but we read them with fresh appreciation in their new guise and connection. The first thing to strike the reader of this little book of less than two hundred pages is the range and variety of accomplishment to which it bears witness. The poet who touches so many keys with so masterly a hand can afford to have done, or be thought to have done, some things less well in the departments of romantic narrative and historical drama.

In this volume also there are indeed some things less good than the rest; and among the less good, as most readers will think, the address to a new-born child called *De Profundis*. The metaphysical element in this piece seems suspended in very imperfect solution in the poetical. To absorb without loss of its proper virtue any considerable portion of metaphysics, is a task notoriously difficult for poetry to accomplish, and is perhaps only possible in the case of such a profoundly personal and emotional vein of metaphysical thought as that of Wordsworth. Even then, as we all know, cloudings and opacities will ensue. But it is the glory of Wordsworth to be perpetually opening avenues from the world of our daily perceptions and experiences into a world behind them; whereas the *De Profundis* seems merely and unfruitfully to state, in verses of which some are fine, but others lend themselves far too easily to parody, the dual character of the universe, material and spiritual, and the co-existence and reconcilableness of its opposing aspects, "finite-infinite," "numerable-innumerable," and therest.

It is, however, of the triumphs rather than of the weak places in Mr. Tennyson's new volume that we desire to speak. One or two little pieces of the official or complimentary kind, like the lines *To Dante*, or those *On the Marriage of Princess Frederica*, may be passed over, although they are noticeable for their perfect grace of touch and feeling. So may the passage translated from the eighteenth *Iliad* in a blank verse which, like Mr. Tennyson's earlier experiment of the same kind, has a Homeric distinction and directness, but not, I should say, the Homeric fire and rapidity. Of the larger pieces in the volume, some are in a strain altogether new; others are the best and ripest work, or equal to the best and ripest which the author has produced in strains with which we were already familiar. *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*, the two warlike "ballads" which may be supposed to give their

names to the volume, are written with such a Tyrtæan strength, such proud and hot delight in the thoughts of patriotic daring and endurance, as makes it impossible for any Englishman to read them without a glowing of the blood. Of this quality Mr. Tennyson had already given us a lyric foretaste in the *Charge of the Light Brigade* and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, but no example until those now before us in this rousing vein of narrative. For complete imaginative grasp of the circumstances and emotions of the struggle, and for vivid directness in their recital, I do not know which is to be preferred, the Elizabethan "ballad of the Fleet," or the modern narrative put into the mouth of the survivor of Lucknow. The former poem has certainly the advantage in its close. In the *Lucknow*, after the magnificently sustained tension of the siege, and its deadly diversity of perils, told with an energy that never flags and a sincerity never at fault, there seems something inadequate in the final stanza of the rescue. After lines like these:—

"Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like  
so many fiends in their hell—  
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley,  
and yell upon yell,—  
Fiercely on all our defences the myriad  
enemy fell:—"

or again—

"Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their  
lying alarms,  
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and  
shoutings and soundings to arms,  
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done  
by five,  
Ever the marvel among us that one should  
be left alive,  
Ever the day with its traitorous death from  
the loop-holes around,  
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to  
be laid in the ground,  
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge  
of cataract skies,  
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite  
torment of flies,  
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing  
over an English field,  
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that  
would not be healed,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-  
pitiless knife,—  
Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never  
could save us a life.  
Valour of delicate women who tended the  
hospital bed,  
Horror of women in travail among the dying  
and dead,  
Grief for our perishing children, and never  
a moment for grief,  
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes  
of relief,  
Havelock baffled or beaten, or butcher'd for  
all that we know"—

—after lines like these there certainly seems to be a falling off when the moment of relief comes:—

"Outram and Havelock breaking their way  
thro' the fell mutineers."

"The fell mutineers," "the pibroch of Europe," "dance to the pibroch,"—these phrases of the last stanza seem in force and sincerity to fall below the occasion, and below the pitch of what has gone before. Whereas in the whole poem of the *Revenge*, with its heady spirit of ocean daring and untamable English loyalty and defiance, there is nothing at once so imaginative and so nobly written as the verses, first dispersedly rolling, then gathering and massing themselves irresistibly, and finally dying away into a calm, which describe the calamity that overtook the Spanish fleet,

"When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd  
awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the  
weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale  
blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by  
an earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails  
and their masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the  
shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by  
the island crags,  
To be lost evermore in the main."

Mr. Tennyson is one of the most original masters of metrical construction and contrivance who has ever handled the English language, and this is one of his greatest feats. The verses at this point are, in their general scheme, anapaestic penta-

meters—that is to say verses in triple cadence and with five accents each. This movement is in its nature slow and solemn, and is made more so in several of the lines above quoted by the pause upon the final foot, involved by substituting before its accented syllable one long, instead of the regular two short, syllables without accent:—

“And the wáve | like the wáve | that is  
raised | by an eáth | quáke gréw |.”

Then follows a line in which each anapaestic foot, made up of three monosyllables, is as regular, heavy, and separate as it can be made:—

“Till it smóte | on their hólls | and their  
sáils | and their másts | and their flágs |;”

after which a ponderous crash and change of movement are brought about by the addition of a sixth foot to the next verse, with a syllable wanting and a consequent pause in both the second and third feet; which are now, quantitatively speaking, a spondee and an iambus respectively:—

“And the wóhle | sēa plúnged |    and fēll | on  
the shót- | shatter'd ná | vy of Spain.”

The next line is kept at the same length, but the last drops to a trimeter; to be read, however, with pauses sufficient to protract it in delivery to a length almost equal to those that have gone before: pauses admirably expressive of subsiding turmoil and returning quiescence.

As a study of metre, *The Revenge* is indeed the most interesting of all Mr. Tennyson's writings since *Maud*. The majority of readers will probably prefer the regular and ringing march of the dactylic stanzas in *Lucknow*, with their gallant refrain:—

“And ever upon the topmost roof our  
banner of England blew,”

and will be somewhat baffled by the unforeseen, and to the untrained ear abrupt, changes in the number and order of accents in the verses of *The Revenge*. Nevertheless, to call these verses “rough” is to mistake their nature. Roughness there may be in their diction—

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“Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the  
children of the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or  
Devil yet,”

but their changes and modulations are as subtly calculated as those of any verses ever written. It would take us too far to examine these in detail; but one point is very interesting to note, and that is the use made by Mr. Tennyson in this naval ballad of the same somewhat unusual metrical foot which gives its character to another great naval ballad in English literature, I mean Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*. This is the foot called by Mr. Ruskin, in his interesting tract published the other day, on *The Elements of English Prosody*, the ‘trine anapaest.’ It consists of three unaccented syllables, followed by one accented, and comes in the second place alike in all the short and all the long lines of Campbell's poem:—

“Like leví | athans affóat |  
Lay their búl | warks on the bríne | ;  
While the sign | of battle fléw |  
On the lóf | ty British line | :  
It was tén | of April mórn | by the chíme.”<sup>1</sup>

The effect of this foot is to throw a strong and sudden stress on the accent that precedes it; and this, followed before the next stress by three light and rapidly-spoken syllables, is an effect particularly suited to martial strains. In *The Revenge*, strophes, or sections of strophes, to which this foot gives their metrical character, are diversified with others containing lines of all lengths, from dimeter up to heptameter, in ordinary triple

<sup>1</sup> Each cluster of four syllables in the above has to be spoken in almost the same time as the shorter cluster which precedes it; hence, as Mr. Ruskin with perfect justice points out, it must be taken as a single foot, and not resolved into two iambic feet, one with full and one with light or suspended accent. To read the short lines as trimeters, thus—

“Of Né | son and | the Nórth | ”

would be to assimilate them to those in a poem of a quite different movement, Mr. Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—

“Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be.”

cadence. In the following section, the trine anapaest, to borrow Mr. Ruskin's not very satisfactory name for it, occurs thrice in the first line, twice in the sixth, and once in every other except the third :—

"And while nów | the great San Phi | lip  
hung abóve | us like a clóud |  
Whence the thán | derbolt will fáll |  
Long and lóud |  
Four gáll | cons drew áway |  
From the Spán | ish fleet that dáy |  
And twó | upon the lár | board and twó |  
upon the stár | board lay |,  
And the bát | tle thunder bróke | from them  
áll |."

According as the reader is most alive to the emotions of war and patriotism, or to those of pity and horror, he will give the palm, among the newer order of pieces in this volume, either to the battle lays of which we have spoken, or else to the monologue of *Rizpah*. As the recital in lyric form of a weird tale of misery and madness, this poem is again unmatched in Mr. Tennyson's work, although it is approached by some sections in *Maud*. An old woman in her fierce and at the same time trembling dotage tells a lady who has come to visit her how her boy had long ago been hung in chains, under the old laws of England, for robbing the mail; how he had done it not in wickedness but in recklessness, but how her plea to that effect had availed him nothing; how when she had gone to visit him in prison she had been forced from him by the jailer with his cry of "mother, mother," ringing in her ears; how the same cry rang afterwards in her brain while she lay bound and beaten in a madhouse; and how, when she was at last set free, she used to steal out on stormy nights and gather together his bones from beneath the gallows, until she had gathered them every one, and buried them in consecrated ground beside the churchyard wall. It is as terrible a tale as could well be imagined, and is told with a plain and classic force, a freedom from shrillness or emphasis, which leaves its terror all the more piercing and un-

escapable. The dying woman, hearing the voice of her son in the wind, has begun thus to herself before she is aware of her visitor :—

"Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over  
land and sea—  
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother,  
come out to me.'  
Why should he call me to-night, when he  
knows that I cannot go?  
For the downs are as bright as day, and the  
full moon stares at the snow.

"We should be seen, my dear; they would  
spy us out of the town,  
The loud black nights for us, and the storm  
rushing over the down,  
When I cannot see my own hand, but am  
led by the creak of the chain,  
And grovel and grope for my son, till I find  
myself drench'd with the rain."

The wild and haunting note struck in these most powerful and most musical lines is caught up again at the close of the poem :—

"Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that  
you mean to be kind,  
But I cannot hear what you say for my  
Willy's voice in the wind—  
The snow and the sky so bright—he used  
but to call in the dark,  
And he calls to me now from the church,  
and not from the gibbet—for hark!  
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming  
—shaking the walls—  
Willy—the moon's in a cloud. Good night.  
I am going. He calls."

And the whole intervening story of anguish, madness, and the desperate stealth of maternal passion which had prompted the gathering up of those grim remains of the beloved life—

"Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my  
bone was left"—

the whole of this is kept at the level of such a beginning and such a close. We may except, perhaps, the two or three stanzas where the speaker dwells with remonstrance on the doctrines of damnatory theology. Some touch of such remonstrance would be natural and appropriate in this place; but here it seems to be too protracted, and the poetry seems somewhat degraded by such lines as—

"Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all  
very well."



I cannot but think that the poem would gain in strength and concentration if it were lightened by the two stanzas xv. and xvi., where ideas of this kind are amplified beyond the occasion. Does not the closing stanza which we have quoted knit itself on naturally and justly to the end of the fourteenth?—

“Heard! have you ever heard, when the  
storm on the downs began,  
The wind that ‘ill wail like a child and the  
sea that ‘ill moan like a man!”

A poem of a totally opposite order to *Rizpah*, and one of which the point lies in scenic luxuriance rather than in human character and feeling, is the *Voyage of Maeldune*. This piece is not without precedents in the work of its author, but is, I think, much the best of its class. Its sentiment is the sentiment of ocean and island travel, its romance the romance of far-off seafaring beside enchanted shores. Readers will not have forgotten the predilection which Mr. Tennyson has already shown for this vein of fancy. We find it accompanied by a strain of moral allegory in the lyric of the *Voyage*, first published along with *Enoch Arden*; a lyric of magical quality for its expression of fleeting movement, and realization of vast and shifting scenery. *Enoch Arden* itself includes, in the account of the shipwrecked mariner's island home, a singularly graceful and highly-wrought passage of tropical description in the same vein; which appears again, and this time less happily, in the trippingly and somewhat trivially rhymed fancy of the *Islet*; a piece written in a taste which to my mind too much recalls the shell and coral decorations of some parlour in a seaport town. But once more, the same strain brings to a close, and not unworthily, the noble *alcasias* *To Milton*; when for the charm of the Miltonic Eden we have the similitude of the charm experienced by the wanderer out in ocean,

“When some refulgent sunset of India  
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean-isle,  
And crimson-hued the stately palm-trees  
Whisper in odorous heights of even.”

It is of this mood of Oceanic or Polynesian imagery, again weighted with a touch of moral, and this time also of political, allegory, that Mr. Tennyson has given us a crowning example in the *Voyage of Maeldune*. It is very curious to compare the poet's treatment of the theme with the original Irish story upon which his work is founded. The story in question is to be found in Mr. Joyce's collection of *Old Celtic Romances*, a volume of extreme interest to the lovers of old tales, though it is impossible not to feel that in Mr. Joyce's versions the stories have acquired something of a modern and jaunty air that can hardly belong to them in the original. Mr. Tennyson has taken from the original its main framework only. In his poem, as in the Irish tale, Maeldune is the son of a king; his father has been slain by plunderers from a fleet; and he by and by sets sail with his companions for the island inhabited by the plunderers in order to avenge that murder. He reaches the island, and is making ready for his vengeance when a storm suddenly drives his ship out to sea. After a long and adventurous voyage, in the course of which they touch at many dangerous and enchanted coasts, the seafarers come to the home of a saint, who persuades them to renounce their scheme of vengeance. So when they come once more to the island of the plunderers, and Maeldune sees the man who had slain his father, they forbear from violence, and sail away in peace until they reach their home. Here is a passage of Mr. Joyce's text to compare with the poetry of Mr. Tennyson:—

“The next morning the old man said to them, ‘You shall all reach your country in safety. And you, Maeldune, you shall find in an island in your way, the very man who slew your father; but you are neither to kill him nor take revenge on him in any way. As God has delivered you from the many dangers you have passed through, though you were very guilty, and well deserved death at His hands; so you forgive your enemy the crime he has committed against you.’”

In Mr. Tennyson's version a long

antecedent account of the holy man's history is left out in order to set his presence and his message before us in a dozen charming and significant lines as follows:—

"And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had  
sail'd with St. Brendan of yore,  
He had lived ever since on the Isle and his  
winters were fifteen score,  
And his voice was low as from other worlds,  
and his eyes were sweet,  
And his white hair sank to his heels, and  
his white beard fell to his feet,  
And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let be  
this purpose of thine,  
Remember the words of the Lord when he  
told us "Vengeance is mine!"  
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or  
in single strife,  
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each  
taken a life for a life,  
Thy father had slain his father, how long  
shall the murder last?  
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the  
Past to be Past.'  
And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and  
we pray'd as we heard him pray,  
And the holy man he assail'd us, and sadly  
we sail'd away."

For the rest, that fatal influence of each of the magic islands in succession, which causes the companions of Maeldune to fall upon and slay one another until he interposes to check or draw them away, is entirely, in this connection at least, of the poet's own devising. In the original, the only losses that happen to the voyagers upon their quest are those of Maeldune's three foster-brothers, who out of love for him insist on sailing with him, but whose presence has raised his following above its legitimate and destined number. Again, the features and the marvels of the several islands are almost entirely Mr. Tennyson's own. He has scarcely borrowed any of his scenery except the island of intoxicating wine-fruits, and the vision of the undersea city; a vision which is by no means new in poetry, but which, even after the lovely and familiar passage in Shelley, affects us with a new magic when it is realised in lines of such a peculiar felicity, in their falling and hushing movement, as these:—

"Towers of a happier time, low down in a  
rainbow deep  
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!"

Many of the adventures in the original story are indeed of a kind which a poet would find it hard enough to make anything. For instance, among the notable sights of these islands (of which the tale enumerates some thirty) one is a flock of ants "as big as foals," which came down to the shore prepared to devour both ship and crew. Another island is inhabited by red-hot animals "shaped somewhat like pigs," who spent the night in caves, and the day in eating apples. Another is spanned by a river flowing through the air in an arch like a rainbow, out of which the travellers fish salmon by hooking them down from overhead. And so forth. On the whole Mr. Tennyson's island marvels are as happy in their invention as in the splendour and energy with which they are described. Not, I think, that all are equally good; thus we are certainly on the confines of puerility in the island of wine-fruits, where

"The peak of the mountain was apples, the  
largest that ever were seen,  
And they prest, as they grew, on each other,  
with barely a leaflet between."

On the other hand, I remember no other scene of enchantment in Mr. Tennyson's poetry so vividly and strikingly imagined, and certainly none more perfectly recounted, than the Island of Witches:—

"And we came to the Isle of Witches, and  
heard their musical cry—  
'Come to us, O come, come,' in the stormy  
red of a sky  
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn  
on the beautiful shapes;  
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on  
each of the loftiest capes,  
And a hundred ranged on the rock like  
white sea-birds in a row,  
And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on  
the wrecks in the sand below,  
And a hundred splash'd from the ledges,  
and bosom'd the burst of the spray;  
But I knew we should fall on each other,  
and hastily sail'd away."

The whole tone of the narrative seems exactly right for a poem written in this vein of picturesque fancy and half-serious allegory; and moreover it has, what Mr. Tennyson in his romances, I think, does not always

catch, an appropriate vein of recklessness now defiant and now almost humorous :—

"And we roll'd upon capes of crocus, and  
vaunted our kith and our kin,  
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and  
chanted the triumph of Finn."

*The Revenge*, the *Defence of Lucknow*, *Rizpah*, and, in a lighter vein, the *Voyage of Maeldune*, those, to my mind, are the masterpieces of the present volume. Among its other contents are passages as good as anything in these, but no poem that stands out as they do. The two new pieces in the vein and dialect of the *Northern Farmer* have both of them excellent qualities of humour and character. But the farmers both of the "old style" and the "new style" were more interesting, I had almost said more sympathetic, personages than the heartless and cackling hen-wife of *The Entail*, the humour of whose observations depends, moreover, a little too much upon puns—

"Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taül in 'is  
'and, and owd Squire's gone."

And again—

"Fer he c'ad 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw  
niver a hair were awry."

The family picture, withal, of the feckless bookworm from whose folios the housemaids tear leaves to light the fire, while his graceless daughters scamper about the country with the grooms, and his more graceless son breaks his neck after refusing to help his father in his difficulties—this picture is too ugly and of too little profit to allow us to read with much pleasure the verses in which it is set forth. The *Northern Cobbler*, on the other hand, is a most spirited, wholesome, and entertaining piece in the same manner; the character which it exhibits being not quite so deep or typical as that of either *Northern Farmer*, but perhaps for that reason more capable of appealing to readers in general. It is a real enrichment of the language when a provincial dialect can be made to yield a poem of such classical charm and humour as this, on the somewhat

common-place theme of a drunkard's struggles and reformation, and to express human contrasts so rich and effective as that between the days of the cobbler's wooing, when he and his sweetheart went together to meeting,

"An' then upo' commin' awaäy Sally gied  
me a kiss ov hersen,"

and the after days when drink was bringing him down,

"An' I loök'd cock-eyed at my noäse an' I  
seäid 'im a-gittin' o' fire."

There are two other poems in this collection which will in some degree remind the reader of the manner and sentiment of the *May Queen*. They express, that is to say, the pathos of everyday human sorrows as affecting the simplest order of minds; avoiding, or at least endeavouring to avoid, common-place, first by perfect sincerity of feeling, and next by perfect justice of expression. Art, indeed, however, simple its theme, can never be common-place when these two aims are really achieved. There is, I think, no fault to find on either score with *The First Quarrel*: the first quarrel, that is to say, which a shipwreck makes also the last, between a labouring husband and his young wife made jealous by the discovery of a former love: nevertheless the pathos is here hardly of a kind to lift the poem into a very high rank. Fierce fault has, on the other hand, been found with a piece of a far deeper tenderness, *In the Children's Hospital*. The speaker in this case is a hospital nurse, and it is not surprising if she is represented as orthodox in her creed, and as shrinking from the idea of vivisection. The lines about vivisection have, however, been taken as giving the high sanction of Mr. Tennyson's authority to a fanatical propaganda, and the picture of the red-haired surgeon has been treated as a lampoon on the medical profession. Surely it is better to take both simply as passages appropriate to the character and feelings of the speaker. And if they are to be charged with a mischievous practical tendency, surely it is well to remember on the other

side the practical tendency of some other lines further on in the poem. In these a sentiment, commonplace and popular if you will, is raised by sheer sincerity and justice of expression to the pitch at once of exquisite poetry and of beneficent exhortation :

"Nay—you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;  
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em,  
talk to 'em hours after hours!  
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd  
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;  
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,  
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;  
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands coast on her breast—  
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire—"

The reader may be as little orthodox or as little a friend of the anti-vivisection agitation as he pleases; if he has in him the instinct of poetry he will not be able to read of Emmie—

"Her dear, long, lean, little arms stretched out on the counterpane—"

and not feel that the pathos and the reality of death have been brought home to him with unspeakable tenderness; the same tenderness that in a different style of utterance has dictated a touch like that in the *Defence of Lucknow*—

"Cold were his brows when we kissed him;"  
or in the dedication to the same poem, the words—

—————"while I lay  
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds  
Of England."

Of the three blank-verse poems in the volume, I do not think that either of the historical monologues, *Columbus* or *Lord Cobham*, is at all on the level of Mr. Tennyson's early mediæval monologue of *Simeon Stylites*, or of a monologue from classical history like *Lucretius*. The subject, however, of the *Columbus* is fine, and in one passage its blank verse is of more mass and stateliness than is usual in Mr. Tennyson's treatment of that metre; which under his hands is remarkable, as we have said, rather for polish

than for weight, for elaborate variety than for sustained or sudden strength of movement :—

"Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean!  
chains  
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,  
As holy John had prophesied of me,  
Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him  
Who push'd his prow into the setting sun,  
And made West End, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,  
And came upon the Mountain of the World,  
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!"

The modern idyl of *The Sisters* seems to me one of the most interesting—it is certainly one of the most unequal—poems in the book. Since *Aylmer's Field* Mr. Tennyson has not attempted any equally tragic story in this form. And the story is not only tragic, but one that calls for extreme tact in the telling. The man who has successfully wooed one of two beautiful twin sisters, but afterwards married the other because at the eleventh hour it is flashed upon him that it is she, and not the first, who has been all along the idol of his dreams; such a man is already in an awkward position. His position became terrible when the sister whom he has deserted, and who, seeing the true state of his affections, has heroically thrown open for him the door to such desertion, nevertheless goes mad and dies of a broken heart. What is to become of him when grief for her death soon afterwards carries off also the sister whom he has made his wife? Such is the tale which the speaker in *The Sisters* has to tell. He is the father of two daughters by the ill-starred marriage aforesaid, and is represented as telling the tragedy of his youth, by way of warning, to a young man who is in love with one of these daughters, the father does not at first know which. Of this difficult task he is made to acquit himself with complete delicacy of feeling, if in a key of reminiscence somewhat more subdued and placid than seems warranted by the shocking nature of the circumstances. The first

part of the poem is, I think, certainly unsatisfactory. The songs which the girls sing at the beginning are hardly in Mr. Tennyson's happiest manner. The father's narrative, too, is for some time entangled and indistinct. It is broken with digressions about a bottle of port, a grandfather, and the battle of Waterloo, which remind one of Mr. Browning's manner of seeking to throw side-lights on the character and antecedents of his speakers, but are written with less than Mr. Browning's pith and point. Moreover it is not until a second or even a third reading that we can quite gather what the course of events leading up to the marriage had really been. It had been as follows:—the father in his youth had fallen in love with a face seen for a moment in a carriage—which, by the way, Mr. Tennyson calls a "landaulet;" surely a very finicking and needless technicality. There is in the carriage at the same time another person whose face he does not see. Many months later, being by chance in the New Forest, he is attracted by the sound of a laughing voice to the scene of a picnic party; where he finds friends, and is introduced to the owner of the voice, in whose face he has from the first moment recognised, or rather believed that he recognises, the same face that had been haunting him all these months. He follows up the acquaintance, wins the affections of the lady, whose name is Edith, and is only prevented from asking her in marriage by a sense of vague unsatisfiedness for which he knows not how to account. At last he makes up his mind, and is in the very act to speak, when there enters Evelyn, a twin sister of Edith, in whom he instantly recognises the real object of his dreams. At this point the recital settles down, and becomes, in passages at least, a model of lucid, succinct, and feeling narrative:—

"I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.  
The golden gates would open at a word.  
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen  
And lost and found again, had got so far,

Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I  
heard  
Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the  
doors—  
On a sudden after two Italian years  
Had set the blossom of her health again,  
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—there—  
There was the face, and altogether she.  
The mother fell about the daughter's neck,  
The sisters closed in one another's arms,  
Their people throng'd about them from the  
hall,  
And in the thick of question and reply  
I fled the house, driven by one angel face  
And all the Furies."

Edith, who in a moment perceived the state of the case, determines to sacrifice herself on her sister's behalf. She writes to her departed and not yet fully committed lover a cold letter, asking him to come and pay her mother and sister a visit while she is away in Scotland. Thereupon follows his wooing and wedding of Evelyn, with its tragic issue, first to Edith, and afterwards to Evelyn herself. Finally there comes a passage which in its subdued key is surely one of pathos as perfect and as dignified as is to be found in English poetry.

"Now in this quiet of declining life,  
Thro' dreams by night and trances of the  
day,  
The sisters glide about me hand in hand,  
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell  
One from the other, no, nor care to tell  
One from the other, only know they come,  
They smile upon me, till, remembering all  
The love they both have borne me, and the  
love  
I bore them both—divided as I am  
From either by the stillness of the grave—  
I know not which of these I love the  
best."

Here surely if anywhere is classical English verse. It is scarcely possible to carry farther the skill of clothing human feeling in language pure, musical and appropriate. Every word is as direct and natural as in daily speech, without an emphasis, a strain, or a transposition; and even the verse is of the plainest structure, admitting no elisions, substitutions of one foot for another, or any of the customary variations of blank-verse, except the simplest suspensions of accent and changes in the position of the gram-



metrical pauses. Yet how lovely the cadences, how complete and satisfying the charm ! To give these verses their proper effect would be the best test of the powers of a reader ; to analyse the nature of that effect the best lesson to the student of metre and of metrical law.

If, however, we were to be tempted by this volume to farther studies in the principles and effects of metre, it would not be in order to spoil by analysis a passage which, like this, demands to be kept entire in the memory, but rather to point out the new importance which is being fast assumed in English poetry by the long anapaestic or dactylic hexameter, or verse of six accents in triple cadence. Both in lyric outpouring and in narrative, this measure is coming more and more into use by the best of our living writers, and showing itself capable of effects the most flexible and various. Thus Mr. Browning employs it in the anapaestic form with alternate rhymes, and with splendid effect, for poems so dissimilar as *Abt Vogler* and the most spirited of his recent dramatic lyrics, *Echelos* and *Muleykeh*. Mr. Swinburne uses it alike for the regretful lament of the belated pagan in the *Hymn to Proserpine*, and for the rushing choral narrative of the battle of the Athenians against Eumolpos and his Thracian allies. In the former case he almost divides the verse into two trimeters by means of a regular rhyme on the third accents of successive verses, the rhyme being in each case followed by a caesura :—

"For thine came pale and a maiden || and  
sister to sorrow, but ours,  
Her deep hair heavily laden || with odour  
and colour of flowers."

In the latter he drops the middle rhyme, but continues to keep up the nearly regular trochaic caesura :—

"Mine ears are amazed with the terror || of  
trumpets, with darkness mine eyes  
At the sound of the sea's host charging ||  
that deafens the roar of the skies."

Mr. Morris, again, adopts for his epic tale of *Sigurd the Volsung* a very elastic and irregular form of the same metre, admitting not only, as triple-time metres always admit, feet of two syllables each instead of three at variable places in the line, but sometimes also a redundant foot of four :—

"Shall it néver be day any móre, nor the  
sun's uprising and grówth,  
Shall the kings of the earth lie sleeping and  
the wár-dukes wánder in slóth !"

Lastly, Mr. Tennyson, who has been accustomed to handle this measure at least since the days when he wrote the opening stanzas of *Maud*, composes in it no less than eight of the pieces in his new volume. *Maeldune* is a typical example of the skilful management of the anapaestic form of the verse, in which the movement of each foot leads up to the accent at its close,

"And we came to the isle of a Sáint who had  
sailed with St. Bréndan of yóre :"—

and *Lucknow*, on the other hand, of its dactylic form, when the movement of each foot follows down from the accent at the beginning, and the final foot of the verse is "catalectic," with a rest for its two last syllables :—

"Fiercely on all our defences the myriad  
enemy fell."

Between these two typical forms there are any number of possible compromises and combinations. But to go farther into these matters would be more proper to a general treatise on metres than to our present purpose, which is concerned with Mr. Tennyson alone, and with the substance, rather than the form and mechanism, of the noble poems by which he has added another wreath to the laurels gathered during half a century.

SIDNEY COLVIN.